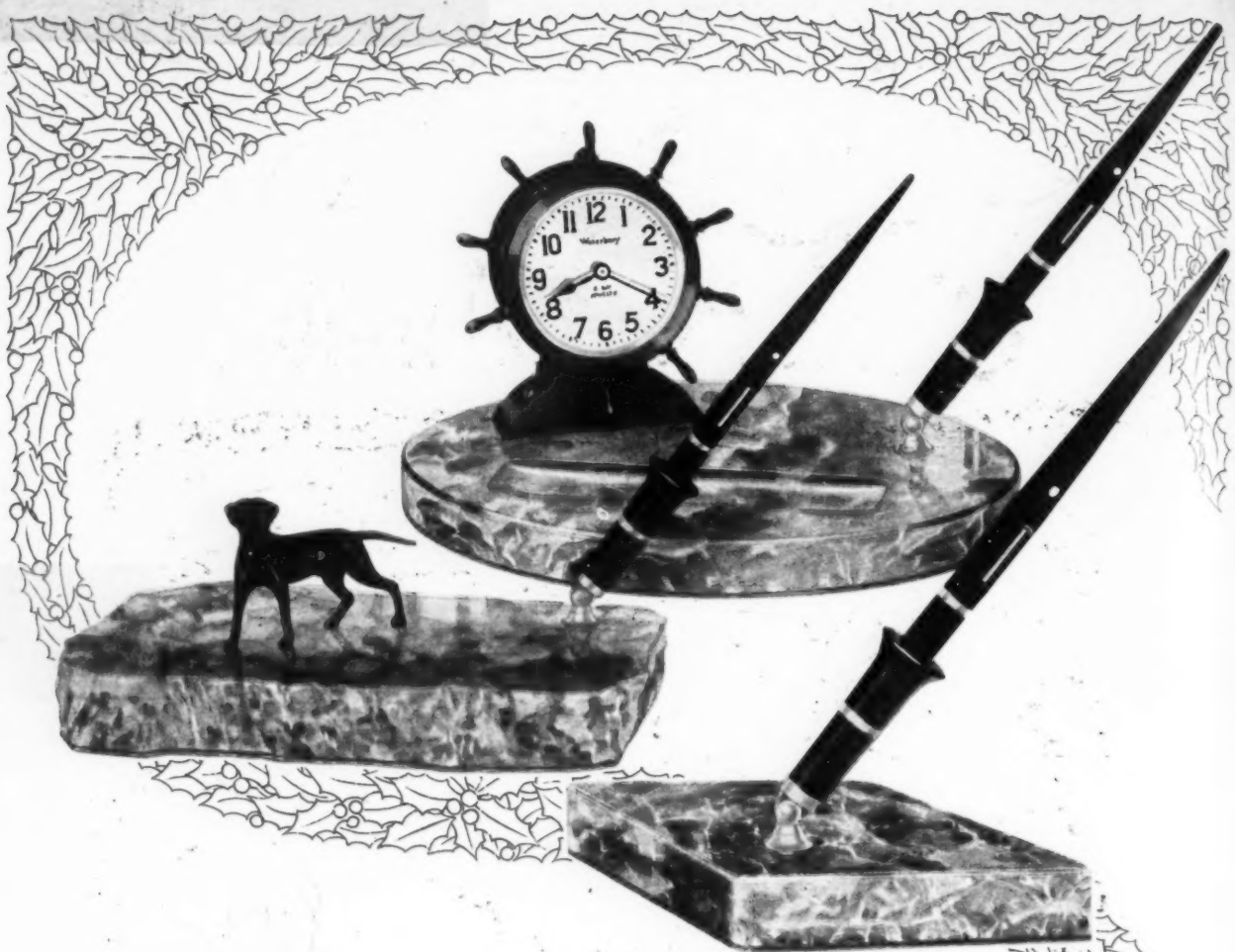


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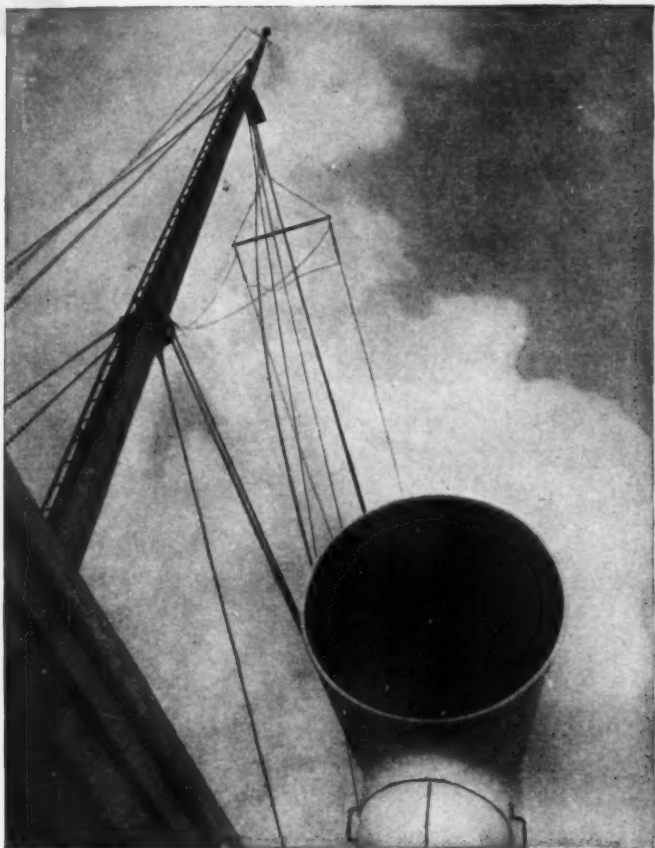
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CLYDE - MALLORY Lines



'Twas The Night Before Christmas

(With a Modern Kid)

WILLIE: Daddy!

FATHER: Yes, son!

WILLIE: Does Santa Claus really come down the chimney?

FATHER: Yes, son!

WILLIE: Not really?

FATHER: Yes, really. Don't bother daddy. He's reading.

WILLIE: But why don't he get burned?

FATHER: He waits until the fire is out.

WILLIE: But the fire in the furnace burns all night.

FATHER: Not on Christmas night. Don't bother me with any more questions now, son.

WILLIE: But daddy!

FATHER: What is it?

WILLIE: As big as he is—how does he manage to squeeze through?

FATHER: Oh, he gets through all right.

WILLIE: But how?

FATHER: He brings your presents, doesn't he?

WILLIE: Yes, but how does he? How can he bring that big bag down the chimney?

FATHER: Well, he does, doesn't he? Run along now.

WILLIE: Yes, but I don't understand it.

FATHER: Well, run along to bed like a good little boy.

WILLIE: Daddy!

FATHER: Yes, son, what is it?

WILLIE: How does Santa Claus go all over the world in one night?

FATHER: He's got a airplane.

WILLIE: That doesn't make any difference. It took Lindbergh a lot longer than that to fly to Paris, and it took the Graf Zeppelin three weeks to fly around the world.

FATHER: Well, you go along to bed like a good little boy.

WILLIE: But I want you to explain all that to me, daddy.

FATHER: Not now. You run along.

WILLIE: You explain how Santa Claus goes all over the world in one night.

FATHER: Go to bed now, son, or Santa won't bring you that bicycle.

WILLIE: Are you absolutely sure he will bring it if I go to bed?

FATHER: Positive!

WILLIE: All right, then. (*Aside, to himself as he leaves the room*): Gosh, it took a lot of talk to find out if daddy was really gonna give me a bicycle!

—Brook Branwade.

Modern Conversation

"Are you happily married?"

"Yes. For the sixth time."

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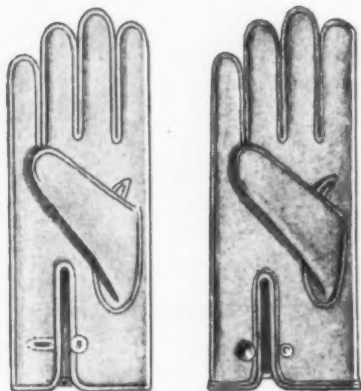
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IT'S A FOWNES

THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO
KNOW ABOUT A GLOVE

Christmas Comes to Dead Mule Gulch

A bitter wind whistled up the main street of the rough mining town. At the corner by the Puritan Saloon it turned and whistled down another street. It was a bitter night. From the bitter heights of the Sierra Nevada, the Alleghenies and Mount Everest stinging flakes of snow flew like so many bullets. Men beat their numbed hands and waved their ears in an effort to restore circulation. Horses died of cold, of starvation, of old age. Water froze. It was Christmas Eve in Dead Mule Gulch.

Two men, muffled to their noses, which stood out nakedly, met before the Gold Dust Cafeteria and Blacksmith Shop. They were both miners, rough men who, under ordinary circumstances, would instantly have thrown each other to the ground and trampled on each other with their rough miners' boots. Now, however, they shook hands, softened by the season until they could hardly think of thumb biting or eye gouging without a sniff of disgust.

"Pardner," said the taller, rougher miner, "this is Christmas Eve!"

"Yes, pardner," replied the other, who was just as tall and, if anything, rougher than the first, "it is."

"You know, pardner," remarked the former, a man of very dark complexion, originally a blond, "Christmas always reminds me of my mother!"

With a heave of his rough shoulders he began to cry noisily, tears spurring from his eyes.

"Pardner," said the second, biting his lip with emotion, "I know how you feel. Remember how she used to soothe your troubles away?"

"She did, pardner," howled the first miner, biting off huge pieces of chewing tobacco in his grief and remorse, "I can feel the sting of it yet!"

"My mother, pardner," sobbed the other, "was the best friend a fellow ever had! And she could lick your mother any day!"

"Is that so, pardner," ejaculated the smaller of the two (he could ejaculate for a considerable distance without his false teeth), "my mother would have made your mother say 'Uncle!' in about ten seconds. And besides, she was the best friend a fellow ever—"

"You're a story-teller," rumbled the other with an oath, "my mother was the—"

"My mother was—"

"My mother—"

"My—"

"My—"

They leaped at each other, bit off each other's thumbs and rolled on the ground.

From the depths of a shadow stepped a tall man with a thin sensitive face (neuralgia). He watched them wistfully. He had never had a mother. Dashing a tear from his eye he faced into the bitter wind and disappeared; behind him, as he went, he could hear the cheery thump-thump as these more fortunate ones kicked each other in the face with their rough miners' boots. . . . One by one the stars came out. . . . Christmas had come to Dead Mule Gulch. . . .

—Herman Fay.



"I want to give my niece a book for Christmas."
"How about our new child's version of Joyce's 'Ulysses'?"



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CHRISTMAS again . . . and all through the house gay tinkling laughter and the merry hum of happy voices . . . three generations once more united about the festive board where White Rock Water sparkles in tall goblets . . . and Christmas Night as the Yule log goes roaring up the chimney White Rock Pale Dry brings rare refreshment and new zest to the hallowed occasion. These days the wise hostess is especially careful to order extra cartons of these two distinctive favorites.



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Sparkling Water*

White Rock
Bottled at the Springs, Waukesha, Wis.



*Pale Dry
Ginger Ale*

The Failure

The great cafeteria owner was dying. There is no subject in the world that is any less humorous than a great cafeteria owner dying. But how can I help that?

He was dying in great agony, because there was a rat gnawing at his soul. It was a very bold rat and not in the least afraid of ptomaine poisoning.

Suddenly the great cafeteria owner sat bolt upright in bed and spoke to the children and grandchildren who were gathered about him, waiting to see what was going to be done with the estate.

"Children," he cried, "I am a failure."

Whereupon everybody took their hats and coats and left hastily, with the exception of one demure little granddaughter who was very badly in debt and couldn't give up hope so easily.

"Grandfather," spoke up the little lady, "how can you say that? Aren't you the greatest cafeteria owner in the world?"

"I am," answered the old man, proudly. "And they're not mortgaged,

either. I don't owe a cent in the world."

"Then how can you be a failure?"

"Ah, child, you can't understand. I am not a financial failure. I am a failure as an artist. I have failed to put into cafeterias that final touch of congruity that characterizes the perfect work of art. For years I have been working on the idea. But I can't find a way to make the —"

His breath was now coming in gasps. The grandchild bent over him to catch his last words.

"—customers—w a s h—their—own—dishes." And then the end came, luckily for all of us.

—Asia Kagowan.

Revised

A man is known by the companies he merges.

They have noiseless typewriters now. The next thing to invent is a noiseless stenographer.

There's more to women than meets the eye, but not much more.



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(Circle indicates Snack)

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AU MATIN—a Perfume and a Face Powder achieve an exquisite kinship through a bond of rarest fragrance—breath of flowers at dawn. In a charming silk-lined Gift Set, \$10.

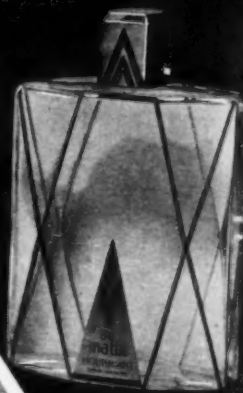
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THAT THRILL • • • • IN
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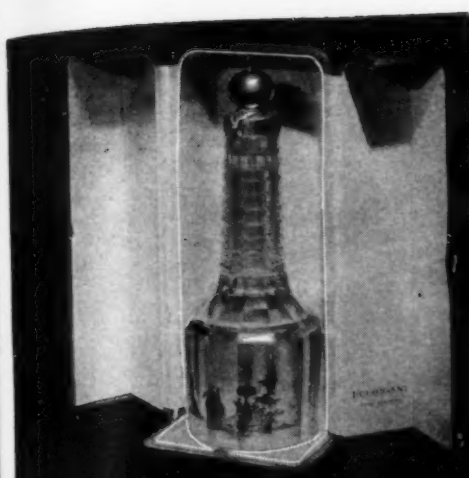


AU MATIN — ecstatic fragrance of the French modernes—breath of dawn's awakening flowers—latest creation of Houbigant—favoured in critical Paris. \$10 the Modèle Originale. \$18 the Grand Flacon. \$20 the Grand Flacon with Atomizer.



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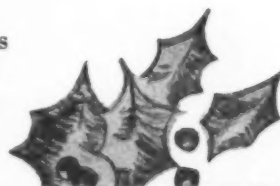


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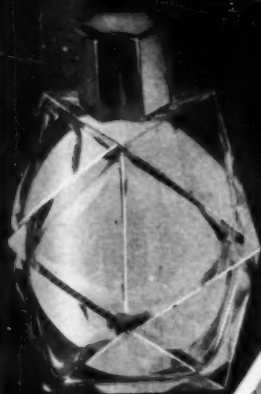
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How A Telephone Sales Worker Works

TELEPHONE: Zng-zng-zng-zng-zng.

YOU: Hello.

VOICE: Hello. Is this Golfclub four-four-four?

YOU: No. This is Railroad two-two-two-two.

VOICE: Oh, I see. Is Mrs. Goldberg in?

YOU: No such person here. You have the wrong number.

VOICE: Oh, I see. Who is this, please?

YOU: Railroad two-two-two-two. You have the wrong number.

VOICE: Oh, I see. Is this Mr. Johnson?

YOU: This is Joshua Smith, at 625 Pullman Avenue. You have the wrong number.

VOICE: Oh, I see. This is Miss McGillicuddy, of the Wursenmore Piano Company. I understand that you are in the market for a new piano, Mr. Smith, and —

YOU: But I am not in the market for a new piano.

VOICE: Oh, I see. And we are giving away six bars of reinforced concrete soap with each instrument this week, I —

YOU: But I do not want a piano.

VOICE: Oh, I see. As a special inducement this week we can also allow you \$3.67 on your old piano, and —

YOU: But I have no old piano.

VOICE: Oh, I see. Now Mr. Smith, I will have the new piano in your home not later than Wednesday afternoon, and —

YOU: I am going to be out of town Wednesday.

VOICE: Oh, I see. Thursday morning then. And you can —

YOU (wildly): No! No! No!!! I DON'T WANT IT.

VOICE: Oh, I see. And you can pay the dollar down when it is delivered. Thank you ever so much for the order, Mr. Smith, and —

YOU (smashing the telephone to bits against your skull): !!!#!#!#!\$? —

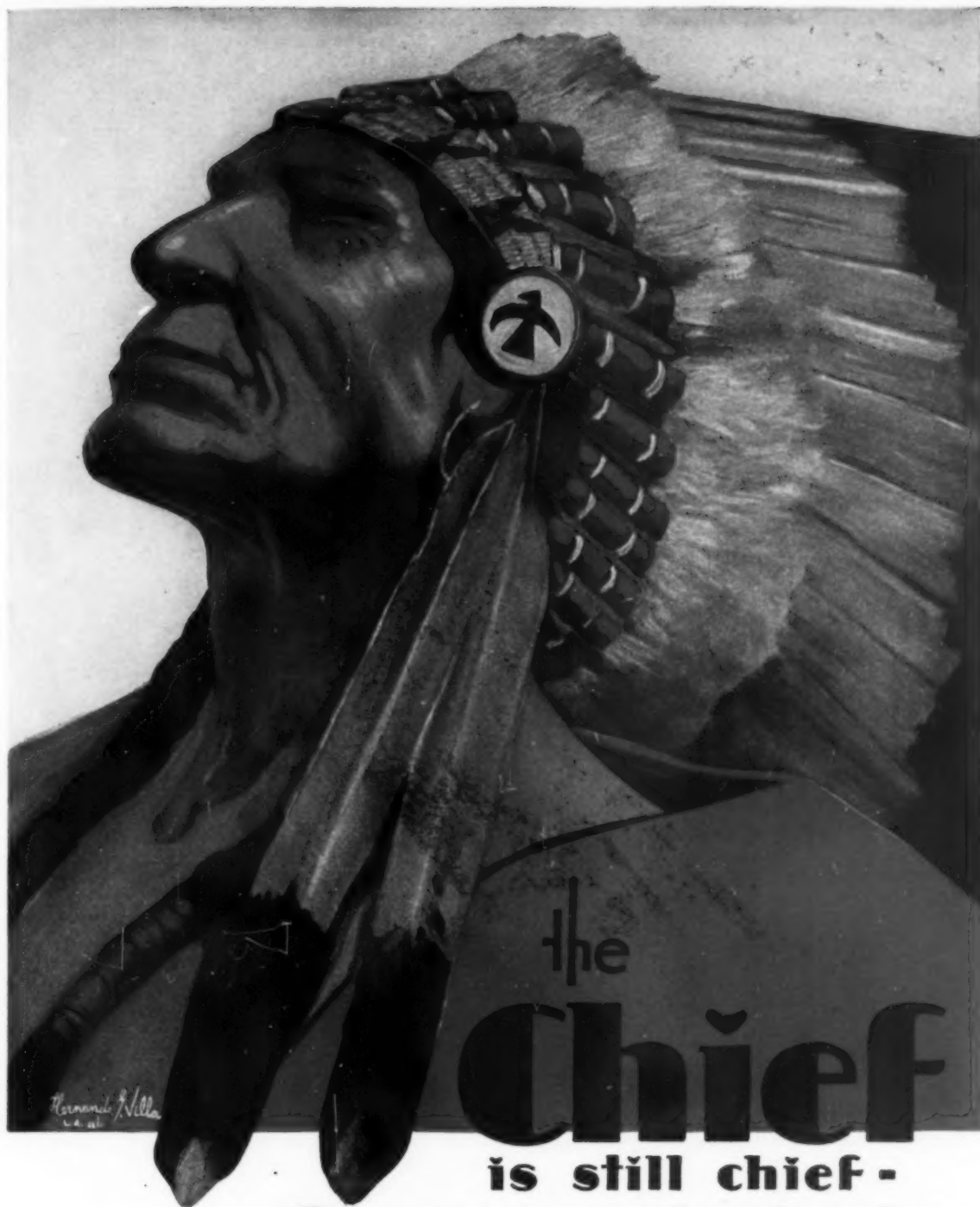
—Asia Kagowan.

Every intelligent mother knows that while she is Christmas shopping she must get the children something for their father to play with.

Among the trials and tribulations of being a mother is getting the children's Christmas candy out of its hiding place and discovering that half of it has disappeared.



BLOTTO: Say, Buddy, could I borrow that when you're through with it?



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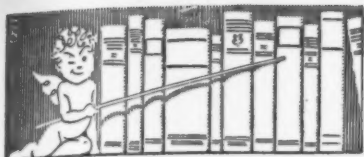
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*"A cup of coffee, a sandwich
and you,*

A cozy corner, a table for two."

Something magnificent and breathless about the lyric. A realness, a beauty. No song ever written sets its period more deftly. The lunch-room with its yellow lights, its white-aproned waiters, its marble table tops. The city outside, the newsboys shouting the morning papers at midnight, the honking taxi horns. The boy and girl smiling serenely and happily into each other's eyes across their orders of fried-egg sandwiches and coffee.

*"I don't need music, lobster or
wine*

*When your lips are pressed close
to mine."*

*—From Kept Woman,
by Vina Delmar.*

God is inside everything. But this man wanted to be outside everything; to see everything hung in a vacuum, simply its own dear self . . . Most good pagans and pantheists might talk of the miracles of nature; but this man denied that there are any miracles, even in the sense of marvels. Don't you see that dreadful dry light shed on things must at last wither up the moral mysteries as illusions, respect for age, respect for property, and that the sanctity of human life will be a superstition? . . . For such a one there is no longer any terror in the touch of human flesh, nor does he see God watching him out of the eyes of a man.

*—From The Poet and the Lunatics,
by G. K. Chesterton.*

Another thing bothered Herr Goethe, and that was death. All his scholarship, his art, his science did not help him to accept the day when one minute he would be a living man and the next minute he would not be a living man. Here, too, he was a failure. He had not attained anything of the faith that marked the end of Socrates when his wife Xanthippe uttered a cry and said, as woman will, "Oh, Socrates, this is the last time you will converse with your friends or they with you," and all the great Greek had said was, "Crito, let someone take her home." And he had gone on speaking while, behind Hymettus, the red sun went down until, in the mauve twilight, the jailer came with the dreadful cup,

*—The Field of Honor,
by Don Byrne.*

Indeed, it is remarkable what a change in temper a fixed income will bring about. No force in the world can take from me my five hundred pounds. Food, house and clothing are mine forever. Therefore, not merely do effort and labour cease, but also hatred and bitterness. I need not hate any man, he cannot hurt me. I need not flatter any man, he has nothing to give me. . . . Indeed, my aunt's legacy unveiled the sky to me, and substituted for the large and imposing figure of a gentleman, which Milton recommended for my perpetual adoration, a view of the open sky.

*—From A Room of One's Own,
by Virginia Woolf.*

He felt life everywhere, abundant life; most of all in the deep black soil itself; tides and currents of life flowing through the earth and making the corn and wheat expand and animating the strong quiet grasses. Some day this grass and corn would all be blood coursing through the bodies of beasts and men. Blood that would carry the strength of the soil, and the fire of wind and sun . . . to the nerves and brains of workers and thinkers.

*—From A Variety of People,
by Don Marquis.*

"You ax who I be. I'm Mustang Sam, the 'high muck-a-muck' of E. Pluribus Unum. I was got by a bull whale out o' a iceberg. I kin yell louder, run furdur, ride faster, shoot straighter, jump higher, tell bigger lies, eat more poor bull, an' jump outside o' more chain-lightnin' than any other two-legged critter as was ever pupped. I'm the man what swum up the big Kenyon of the Colorado on my back. I'm the critter what climbed up a greased rainbow an' bit the highest p'int off o' the new moon. I'm Mustang Sam—how goes it, stranger?"

*—From Dime Novels,
by Edmund Pearson.*

"No," he said, after a pause . . . "I don't want to die. That's the strangest thing of all . . . when one part of me is busy stitching up my shroud and admonishing me to call for extreme unction, another part, a little diabolio of a fellow, pokes his head around the corner and thumbs his nose at the shroud stitcher and says, 'What the hell, anyhow?' I know a garden where the doodleberries grow, and a bar where they don't put mammoth olives in Martinis to save liquor, and a staircase where lovely women pass with emeralds in their ears and a scent of jasmine trailing after them."

*—From Foolish Fire,
by Virginia Swain.*



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"Haven't we met before?"



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Please Do Not Organize This Vigilance

The papers disclose, in an announcement by Mr. Bosson, an Englishman, apparently resident in New York, the impending formation of an "Anglo-American Vigilante Committee" which will watch newspapers and magazines for articles which might be injurious to cordial relations between the United States and Great Britain. The plan includes a committee of 12 American and 12 English members to insure the calling down of inaccurate statements harmful to Anglo-American amity, and to give a substantial reward annually for the best article, story or dispatch on the Yes side of that subject.

Dear friends, do not do that! Do not be of the company of those whose designated screeches set up a yell every time anything is said that seems to be against the interest of their organization. If you will leave Anglo-American relations out in the open to take what comes, good or bad, they are almost sure to prosper, just by common sense and international circumstances. If you go to organize propaganda about them, you immediately justify and incite an organized opposition.

—E. S. Martin.

Statistics show that New York City uses more water per capita than it did ten years ago. It takes a lot of water to cut the liquor for 32,000 speakeasies.

For Christmas give FRAGRANCE

FRAGRANCE was the first Christmas gift.
Wise men, following the Star, brought
their most treasured possessions
—myrrh and frankincense.

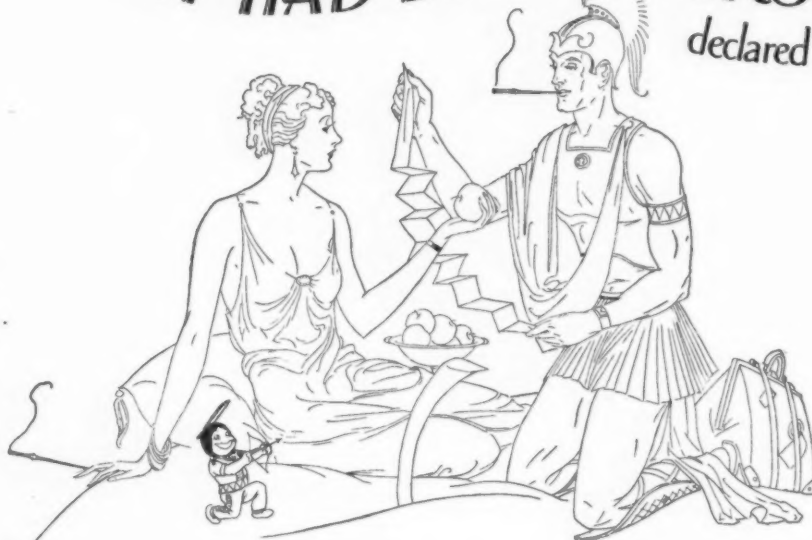
*Gifts of myrrh and
frankincense are ex-
pressed today in the
many fragrant toiletries
and delightful perfumes
of Roger & Gallet—
Fleurs d'Amour — Le Jade
—Pavots d'Argent.*



ROGER &
GALLET
PARIS

FAMOUS APPLES OF HISTORY No 4

"NOW IF IT HAD BEEN A SKOOKUM"
declared Helen of Troy



"Paris would have had to bring that apple to me instead of giving it to Venus. And he wouldn't have needed to coax me nearly so long to elope with him, either."

"Nay, fair one," quoth The Son of Priam, "in that case I would have awarded a box of Skookums to each of the goddesses — to Juno because it is a royal fruit, fit for the queen of the gods; to Minerva because it is the part of wisdom to eat such wholesome fruit; to Venus because its beauty is of surpassing loveliness."

Thus the "judgment of Paris" became a proverb and if he had shown as good judgment of women as of apples he had lived longer.

SKOOKUM PACKERS ASSOCIATION
Growers of Washington Boxed Apples in the Wenatchee-
Okanogan District, State of Washington
NORTHWESTERN FRUIT EXCHANGE
Exclusive Sales Agents
WENATCHEE, WASHINGTON

Skookum
Apples



Life



Just what he wanted!



A fresh batch of new Scotch Christmas jokes.

Here's Fun

It would be fun to slip into a radio broadcasting station on December 26, which is 364 days before Christmas, and find the certain announcer that you don't like, and paste a "Do Not Open Until Christmas" sticker over his mouth.

After months of tireless research and endless calculation we have finally evolved a foolproof system for beating the income tax . . . Don't Work!

No wonder Germany lost the war. All of her soldiers seem to have been planning books instead of fighting.



RETURNING HUSBAND: By George—I forgot the mistletoe!

Christmas Dinner

The kitchen was agog. Anna hummed merry little German *lieder* as she stirred the smoking cauldron of noodle soup. Fat, complacent ducks and chickens browned in the oven. Olga baked mince pies with a gastronomic skill that she alone possessed. Over in the corner a willing juvenile volunteer was turning the handle of an ice cream freezer.

Now came steaming loaves of freshly baked bread and pans of brown biscuits. Even the trimmings were not neglected. Smooth, sleek olives covered the bottom of a deep container that also held stalks of white celery, sliced tomatoes, salted peanuts and radishes.

And over all rose a pleasant clatter, a delightful confusion. Only once a year did the kitchen resound with this noise and conversation. And somehow or other, the mellowness and beguiling flavor of old-fashioned cookery were more pronounced this Christmas than ever before.

Not many homes in the country could boast a kitchen like this, a kitchen whose varied activities eloquently reflected this holiday of hearth and home. For this was the kitchen of Nick's Neighborhood Table d'Hôte Restaurant, and Nick was getting ready for the biggest Christmas dinner rush in his history.

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

There Is A Santa Claus

In most homes mother makes out the Christmas list. She fights her way through shrieking crowds to buy the presents; she wraps and addresses and mails some of the packages and spansks the children if they go near the hiding place of the others; she decides on the menu and arranges the Christmas dinner; she fills the stockings on Christmas Eve, while father sits on the floor playing with a picture puzzle or a Jack-in-the-box—and father gets credit for being Santa Claus.

A one-pound box of candy is the proper size for a girl who has no brothers. If she has brothers, add two pounds for each brother.

Congress adjourns for the holidays. It does it every year. Anything to make the people happy on Christmas.



"Just a minute, postman, if this is the vase I sent HER last Christmas—out you go with it!"

It Sims To Me

The only way to be absolutely positive that your fur coat is genuine seal-skin is to be a seal.

Christmas is when every radio in the neighborhood keeps you awake until one and two and maybe three o'clock in the morning playing Silent Night.

Let's put in a good word for the saxophone. No matter what other bad habits it has, it never plays folk songs.

What this country needs is a pre-war Christmas.

Among the happiest of the constantly jingling Christmas bells are those on the cash registers.

I was out riding the other day in an auto that had just left the factory; it was so new the instrument board cigarette lighter was still working.

Gift for the man who smokes a pipe: A can of tobacco and nine dozen boxes of matches.

We always have eggnog until we run out of eggs, and then we always have just plain nog. —Tom Sims.



"Run and get the movie camera, dear, mamma's going to shoot at papa again!"



SINBAD
There is a Santa Claus!

EDWINA



Short Stories of Life



A Love Story

by Myra M. Waterman

YOU may not believe this story; that is your privilege. I have seen Martha Hemingway and I feel that it is true.

She was about forty when she came into a little money and decided to buy the old Baker house. No one told her about the curious reputation the house had, the real estate agent keeping quiet, of course, because he had had the property on his hands for years and wanted to get rid of it; the neighbors because, possibly, they thought she would find it out soon enough anyway.

So she moved into the old Baker house before the new coat of paint was dry, and spent her days and nights making it habitable. When she finished with the inside she started on the garden, which, that Spring, was a glorious mass of color.

The neighbors saw her pottering around in her big gardening gloves; they saw her shaking out her blankets and hanging out her sheets, but she never bothered them and after a few rather futile calls they ceased to bother her. She was a woman used to living alone and she continued to do so.

That was what they said. Martha's side of the story was somewhat different. She had, at the age of forty, taken a lover.

He had walked casually into the garden one evening, a tall, presentable young man with a deep scar over his left temple. He just opened the gate and entered, and he greeted Martha as if he had expected to find her there and she were expecting him. She was

rather taken aback, but she found him uncommonly pleasant and easy to talk to, and he stayed and talked for a long time, never once hinting at who he was or why he was there. He left as unconventionally as he had come, and Martha did not see him again for several days.

The next time he came he walked into

late, when the strange guest simply walked out, without even saying good-bye.

Naturally, Martha was flabbergasted, especially since, though she had never seen the young man before his first appearance, he seemed to know her very well. But his presence and the possibility that he might call again kept her in a pleasant flutter for days. Poor soul, she didn't get much company, and a man who admired her with his eyes while he talked commonplaces was indeed an unusual experience for her; not the commonplaces, but the admiration. She hadn't been admired by men for years.

The third time he called he walked into the library. Going up to the book-case he took down a volume of poetry, sat beside the fire, opened the book and started in to read to her. He had a beautiful voice. He read love lyrics until midnight, then, shutting the book, kissed Martha once on the lips and walked out of the house.

She lived her whole life for him. Never once did she, verbally, question his right to enter her house or greet her familiarly. She did not know who he was, but she was not curious. His presence was enough for her. He

loved her, and he filled her days with anticipation of his visits in the evening. He was gentle and kind, tender and affectionate. He was all the things poor Martha Hemingway had never known in a man, because her dealings hitherto had been only with those interested in her business ability. Was it strange, then, that the neighbors, who knew nothing about her visitor,

(Continued on Page 70)



"He walked casually into the garden one evening."

the house just as he had, on the first occasion, walked into the garden. The door stood open, as Martha so often left it in the early evening. He entered and greeted her as an old friend, and, wondering at her own temerity, she asked him to dinner. He set the table for her and helped with the dishes afterward. They sat and talked a while about nothing in particular, the weather and such things, until rather



MOONSHINER: *They're after me, brother! Quick! Change clothes!*

Great American Institutions

Krismus Trees
Punkin Pies
Roaz Turkey
Cramberry Sauce

Along about this time of the year the members of the Byrd Expedition must feel real pleased with themselves. Think of not having to select any Christmas cards.

"On Christmas Eve"

"Daddy?"

"Yes, son?"

"What is Christmas all about, anyway. Do they have Christmas because everybody loves everybody else and want to give them presents like you told me once? Because everybody has good will toward everyone else?"

"Yes, son. It's just like I told you. This is the season of the year so aptly described by 'Peace on earth; good will toward men,' and always remember that people have only good thoughts about each other at Christmas. And now, son, don't bother me. I'm reading the newspaper."

"What are you reading about, daddy?"

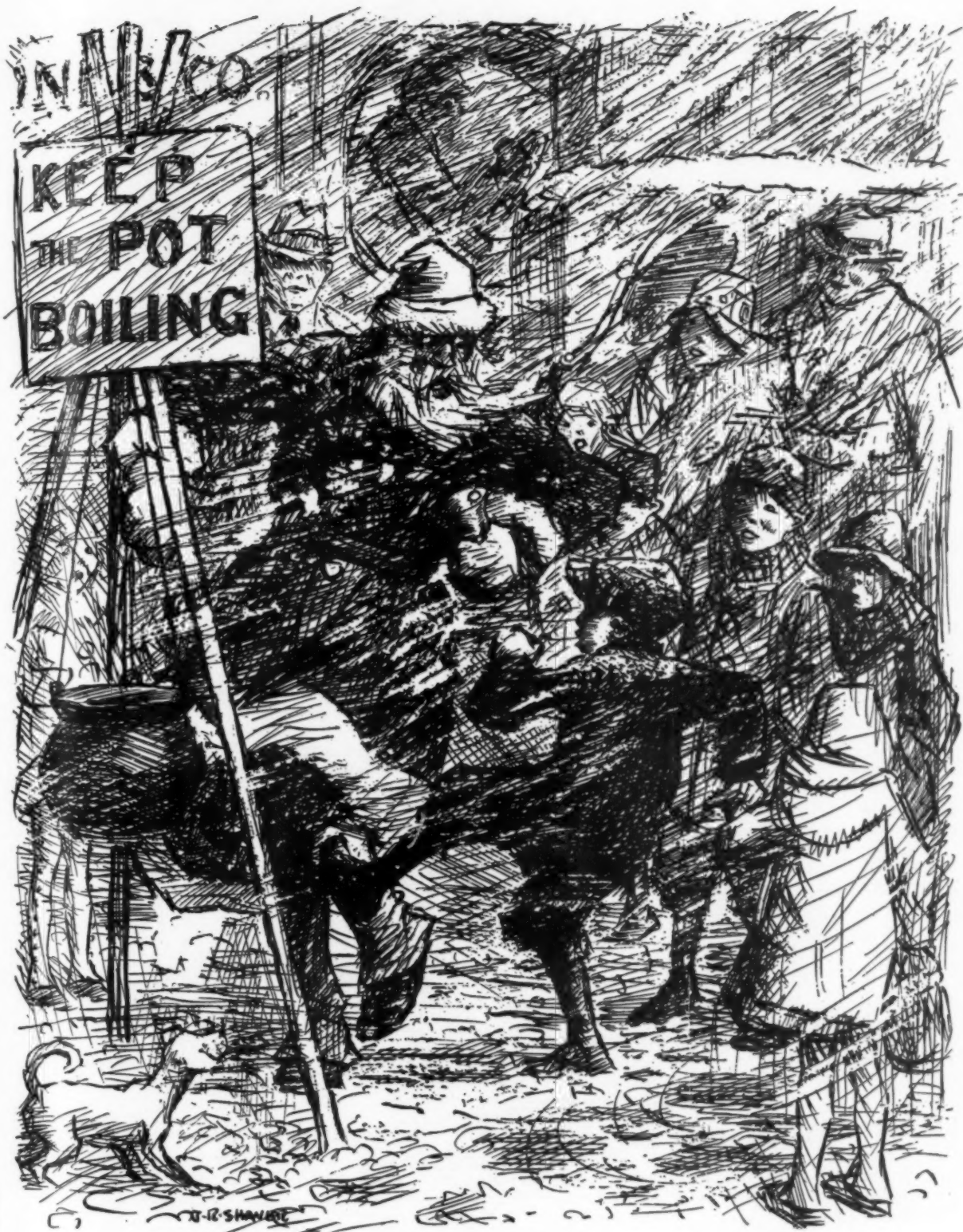
"Oh, about another love nest murder, and the electrocution of a murderer, and where a man committed suicide because another man ran off with his wife, and about a gangsters' battle between rival bootleggers. Run along now and don't bother daddy."

—Brook Branwade.

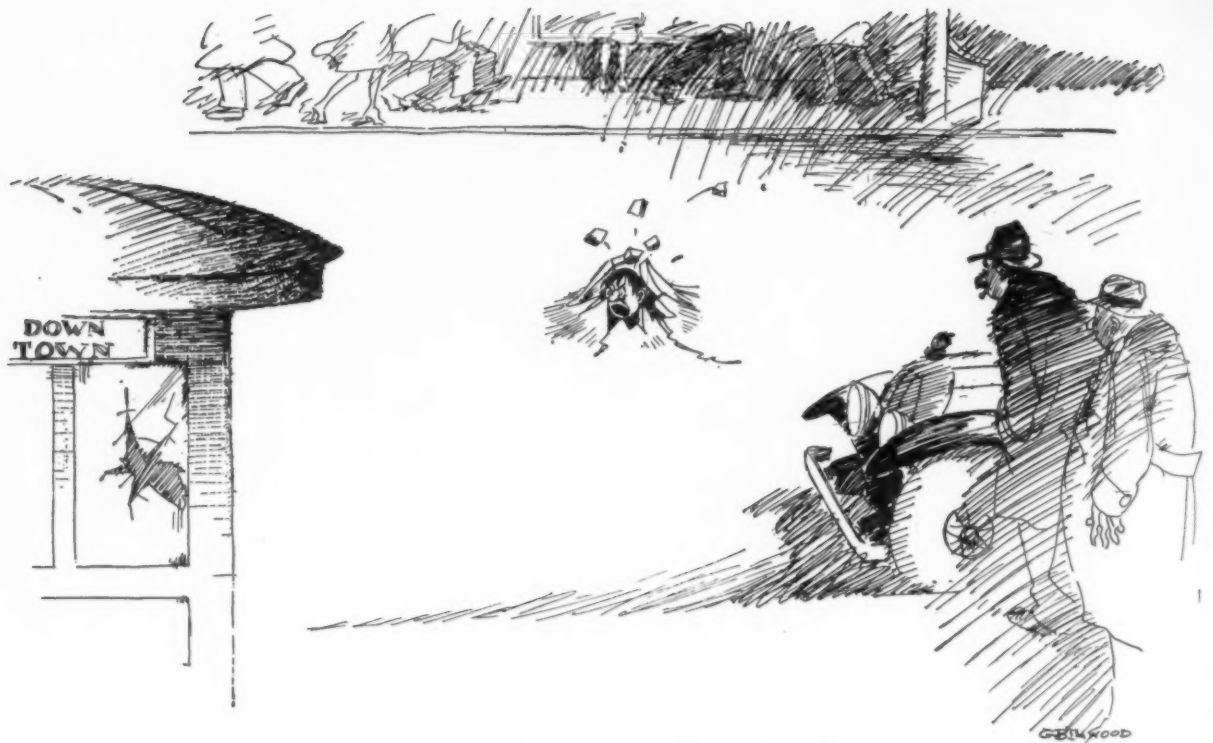


The compliments of the season.

It must be pretty tough to travel all the way to the South Pole and still have to listen to Graham MacNamee



"Sorry mister! This is just to settle a bet whether yer real or not."



SUBWAY PASSENGER: *Don't push—don't push!*



"Where's that nine cents you was keepin' for the gang?"
 "Maybe I done wrong, but I bought two thousand shares of stock wit' part of it."

Doggerel

French Poodle

The poodle lacks restraint and poise.
 The poodle makes a lot of noise.
 He wants the centre of the stage
 Or flies into a jealous rage.
 No dog is he for camp or canyon—
 He's just The Ladies' Home Com-
 panion,
 A pompous, pampered, spoiled and
 surlly
 Gigolo with ringlets curly.
 He has the temper of a Sioux,
 He makes demands—and gets them
 too!
 I know of nothing that's absurder
 Than how he gets away with murder!
 —Arthur L. Lippmann.

The big idea of a peace conference
 is to find out who won't win the next
 war.

A row of dots in a modern novel
 means proceed at your own risque.

A musical comedy is the place where
 all good jokes go just before they die.

Where there's no smoke, there's
 Christmas cigars.

The question of the moment is:
 What size slippers does Dad wear?



"What are you thinking about, little boy?"

"What a couple of simple minded ——— you two old ——— are!"

Scott Shots

Skirts are getting longer, and we understand that Ernest Hemingway's next book will be entitled A Farewell to Legs.

Battle, Murder and Sudden Death used to be the curses of humanity, but now they're just the names of new magazines.

As for the World War—it's all over but the writing.

America is prepared for foreign invasion, because if war were declared a million movie ushers could spring to arms over night.

In New York what you don't know about Rothstein won't hurt you.

Restaurants and cafes are all very well, but after all there's nothing better than good, old fashioned, home-made gin.

You never can tell what a woman will do next, because just when you've got her all figured out, the style changes.

What American reformers seem to want is Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Other People's Happiness.

Socrates died from drinking poison, but he didn't speak of it as darn smooth stuff.
 —W. W. Scott.



Hanging a sock on the old mental piece.



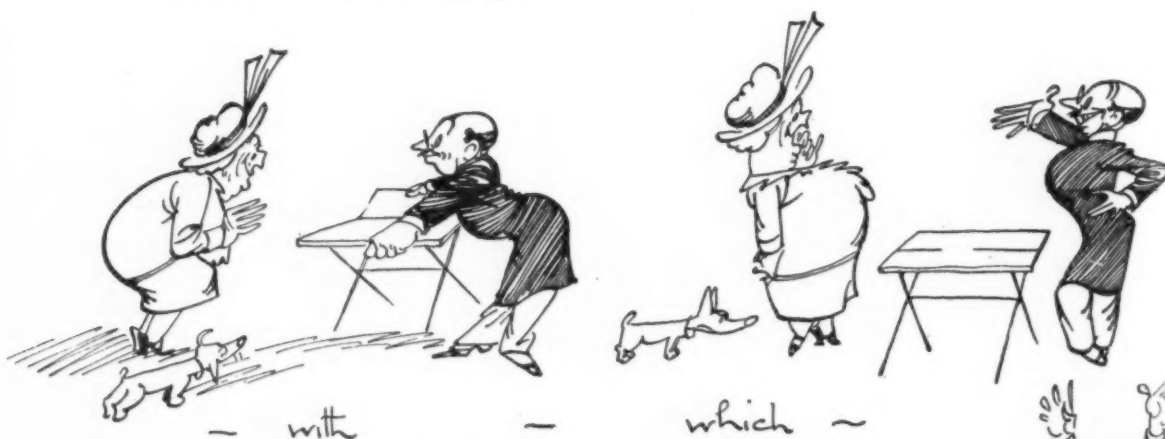
"Do you know, Henry, I'm afraid Fifi is beginning to have doubts about Santa Claus!"



The handiness of these collapsible tables -



~ is the case ~



~ with ~ which ~



they

collapse!

D'EGVILLE



HIGH PRESSURE BUSINESS MAN: *Ye Gox! Have I got to wait all day for this trolley?*

Ain't Nature Punderful?

By Marian Deitrick.

Characters:

OLD CRAIG, *who has a lot of rocks, but is just a big Scotch bluff.*

CLIFF, *his son, who does not amount to much.*

DELL, *a flapper, who reads Elinor Glen.*

Act One

(OLD CRAIG is cooking dinner on a hot old mountain range, while CLIFF swings idly in a hummock, reading the Dale-y News).

OLD CRAIG (*irately*): Say, why should you loaf around, inlet me do all the work? Why do you not o-bay me—why, huh?

CLIFF (*indifferently*): Isle bight.

OLD CRAIG (*sarcastically*): I suppose you are tired from playing gulf all day!

CLIFF (*affectionately*): Say, Pa, I estuary confidentially, will you land me fifty bucks?

OLD CRAIG (*sternly*): Will island you fifty bucks? So you are stranded again? What are you dune with so much money?

CLIFF (*evasively*): Well, it is the high coast of living—(*Impulsively*) Pa, I will be strait with you—I have met my firth and only love!

OLD CRAIG (*incredulously*): Bayou kidding me?

CLIFF (*rapidly*): No, this is rill love,

a most ex-stream passion, and I'll brook no interference! I have fallen at last, and waterfall it was! I have fount the only girl for me!

OLD CRAIG: Is it Min Eral?

CLIFF (*sadly*): Ah, Min Eral—she was mine, all mine, and she told me that she loved me, ore and ore. Then along came my pal Peat, and though I warned him not to metal, he set out to steel her, and copper he did, and her love for me grew coal.

OLD CRAIG: What iron-y! Then is it the River girl, Flow?

CLIFF (*bitterly*): Of course not, for she left me for her cousins, Eddy and Torrents, because I had only an old Fiord that creeks and has bum springs!

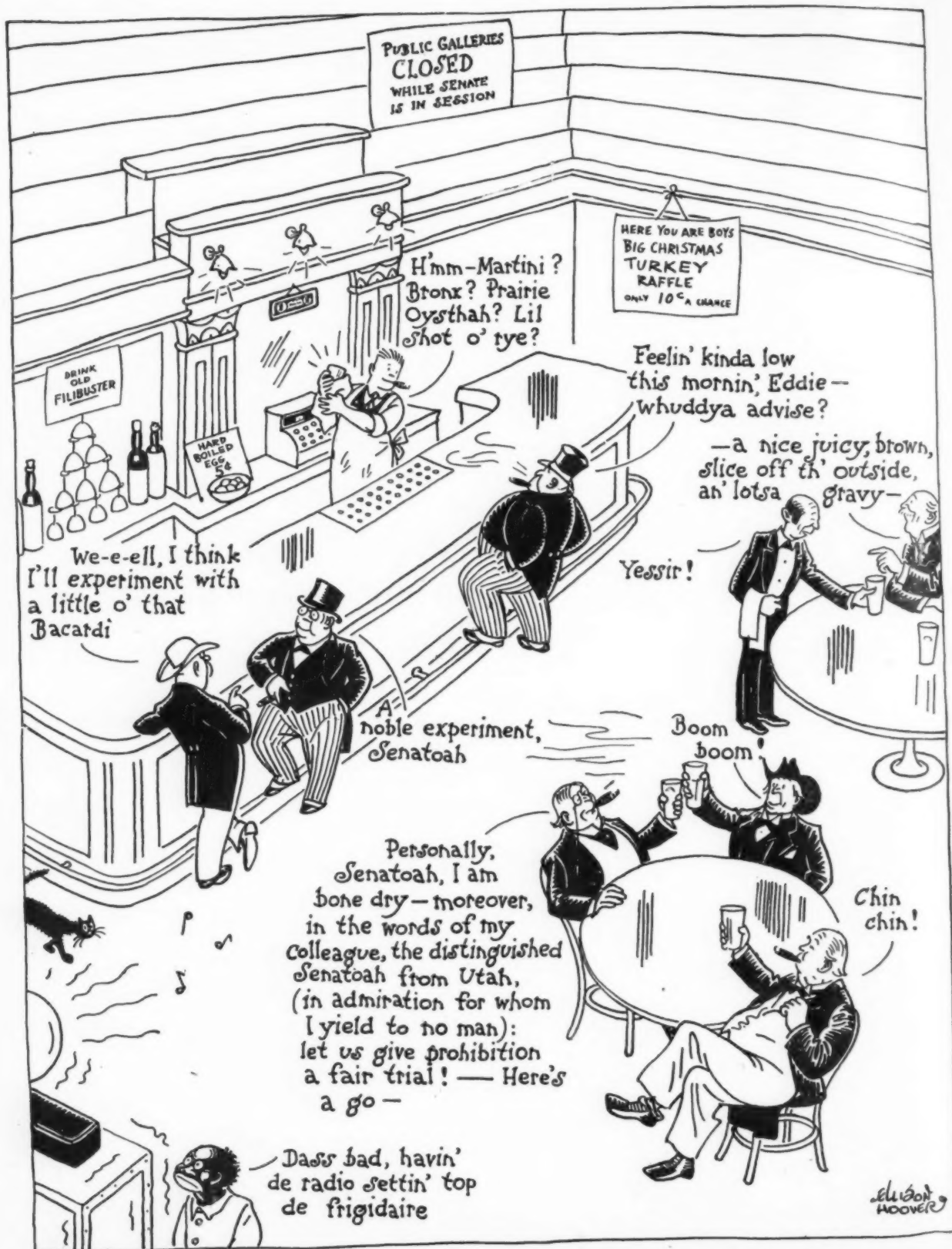
OLD CRAIG (*unsympathetically*): Well, go on, then, pool the bad news on me—do not leave me to pond-er.

CLIFF (*ecstatically*): Ah, fen the band plays the Wedding Marsh I shall

(Continued on Page 64)



"No sir, you can't buy yourself a wrist watch—this is a gift shop!"



A modernized Senate with proposed alterations more nearly meeting Senatorial requirements.

Life at Home



BOSTON—Display of American flags in public schools is regarded by the Right Rev. Paul Jones, acting Episcopal bishop of Southern Ohio, as "a dangerous fetish worship which promotes thoughts of war among school children." He expressed the opinion in an address criticising military training in schools and colleges.

LOS ANGELES, Calif.—Mrs. Rosa Klug quarreled with her husband, who put her in a huge icebox, locked the door, and left her for three days to cool off. When she was released she went to Superior Judge Blake with the story. The judge doesn't approve of cold storage for wives and gave her a divorce.

MINNEAPOLIS—A scheme to boost the circulation of *The Gopher*, undergraduate year book at the University of Minnesota, has failed. Twelve chorus girls were to be on the campus an hour and fifteen minutes and kiss everybody who subscribed. Dean C. E. Nicholson put his foot down.



SABETHA, Kan.—A merchant offered a fifty-five-pound watermelon to anyone who could carry it home without setting it down. The Rev. A. L. Hope won the melon. It was an eight-block walk.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Rev. Dr. Robert B. H. Bell declares that the Lord's Prayer has been misinterpreted for 2,000 years. "There is no such phrase," he says, "as 'Lead us not into temptation' in the original Lord's Prayer in Greek. Translated from that language it is 'Do not let us into worldliness.'"

NEW YORK—John J. Dunne has paid Uncle Sam \$104,700 for making beer on Staten Island. His profits in three years were \$104,807,868.53; his income tax plus penalties totaled \$498,737.11. The income tax matter was compromised by payment of \$100,000. He was fined \$2,000 for failure to report his earnings and \$1,700 for illegal possession and he paid \$1,000 as a tax on five truck loads of confiscated beer. A sentence of a year in prison was suspended.

NEW YORK—A snappy comeback from Mayor Walker came out of campaign criticism of his nifty toggery. "I just don't believe in the policy of walking up one flight and saving \$10," he said. "When I look my adversaries over I think some of them walk to the top of the Woolworth building."

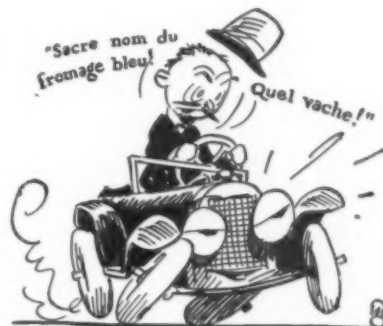
BOSTON, MASS.—President Lowell of Harvard, told a group of distinguished educators that the "hell-raising" college youth is no match for his elders.

"The older a man gets, the greater the length to which he will go for excitement, and at forty a man does really vicious things. 'The temptation to go to the devil' increases with age. Anyone who knows anything about the devil understands this," he said.



BINGHAMTON—Members of the Monroe County W. C. T. U. are the best in the state in one respect. They were praised at the State Convention for crushing 221 cigar stubs and 29,547 cigaret butts in a year.

and Elsewhere



EPERNAY, France—Because of the extreme scarcity of water in this region motorists are being given pails of white wine to cool their motors. An ordinary pailful costs five francs, about twenty cents.

COPENHAGEN—Recruits besieged the Psycho-Technic Institution of Copenhagen to sacrifice themselves to science in experiments to measure how much alcohol the average person of various classes of society can drink before becoming intoxicated. The purpose of the experiments, which will extend over two months, is to measure individual intelligence by comparing results and reactions. There will be 200 subjects.

ANGORA—Four months ago the Turkish Republic proclaimed a general amnesty in honor of its fifth birthday and released all inmates of jails. Ninety-five per cent of these prisoners are now back in jail charged with fresh crimes.



"Need any mistletoe, lady?"

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

Each season as armies of young men mobilize to train for the fall campaign of kick and tackle, I, for one, am tempted to appropriate and adapt a familiar saying: If the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, then the World War and any future war in which America may participate will find its victory secured on American football fields.

—Knut Rockne.

If any leeway is to be given on either side in marriage, the man is more privileged to it than the woman.

—Rudy Vallée.

One has to be a little crazy to write a book.

—Carl Van Doren.

I am sick of all this quest for sex appeal.

—Elinor Glyn.

He who is best educated loves most.

—George Matthew Adams.

You can't spank a girl eighteen years old, no matter how much she needs it.

—Dorothy Dix.



Cop: Hey! What d'ya mean, parkin' by that fire-plug?



NEW YORK ARCHITECT (to Christmas shopper): Hold it while I make a sketch! That's just the model I want for my new skyscraper.

"Those stock market guys are crooked. I won't play with them."

—Al Capone.

"I can say honestly that money means little to me."

—Charles Schwab.

I have for some days been purchasing sound common stock.

—John D. Rockefeller.

I like men. They interest me, especially in their attitude toward their wives and sweethearts.

—Dolores Del Rio.

I am proud to have been called Body-loving Macfadden.

—Bernarr Macfadden.

People think I'm terrible because I get mad sometimes.

—Rudy Vallée.

After all, I am not the only pebble on the beach.

—George Bernard Shaw.



Impressions of Magazine Offices.
St. Nicholas.



THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES
Being Contributions from the Ladies

Christmas Stockings

Christmas Eve in the Big City. A little old lady, bent and frail, pushing her way through the holiday crowds, and drawing her worn Paisley shawl more closely about her to keep out the driving snow.

"What shall I buy for my poor children's Christmas dinner?" she murmured, as she tearfully fumbled in her old antelope bag for her Dutchess lace handkerchief, which had seen better days. She gazed with longing eyes into the brilliantly lighted windows along Wall Street. "I had planned," she said, "to buy the best on the Market, but now that the crash has come, I can get only the bare necessities. But coal I must have, or my little ones will freeze." So she stopped and bought a few shares of Lehigh Valley Coal.

"Poor John, he has always been a good provider, and our cupboards have always been well Stocked, what with General Cigars, American Snuff and Coca-Cola in the pantry, and Associated Dry Goods on the closet shelves, but—alas, those days are gone. Ah, well," she sighed philosophically, "if I get one share each of Beet Sugar, Pillsbury Flour, Royal Baking Powder and Borden's milk, I can mix up a real tasty pudding for a holiday treat, and I'll stop at the Curb and buy a share of Happiness Candy to put in each little stocking, and I guess that will keep the Bull and the Bear from the door a little while longer."

—Irma F. Kriebel.

Counsel to Little Girls

Use well your time, and you'll receive
Congratulations hearty.
Go gather ye husbands ere the dawn
Shall sober up the party.

To Big Girls

Go gather ye chins while yet ye may,
Nor care who calls you fatties;
This fine roast fowl which tempts today
Tomorrow may be patties.

—Mary Stevens Sweeney.

**How About A Husband To Go
With That New Tweed
Ensemble?**

The ensemble idea in dress is admittedly a very excellent one as far as it goes. And since it has gone to such lengths this season, why not carry it a little further by selecting a husband to complement one's wardrobe?

The wise woman will do well to give this idea serious thought, because a husband, unimportant as it is in itself, can be used with notable success as an accessory to the season's charming frocks.

This selection of a husband, however, requires just as much care and thought as your gloves or hosiery. The ultimate effect of the ensemble must be one of style and beauty and a hastily-chosen husband, one poorly-made or out-of-date, can be more fatal than none at all. It is *most* important, of course, that he shall not conflict, in any way, with the desired effect. If, for instance, your ensemble is a rather formal one, and you have made the mistake of matching a big, clumsy he-man to it (which you simply couldn't pass by because he was so attractive and no knowing when you'd find another like him), it would be advisable to substitute the Scottie. Although this is not a new idea, it is a happy one, because Scotties are the very smartest thing this year.

For the woman who prefers and can afford to change her entire ensemble from season to season, we have only one bit of advice. Do not try to combine the husbands of two seasons. Friends are so sensitive to these style errors and the result is apt to be very tragic indeed.

—Joan Salsman.

After Prohibition, What?

In these quiet times of prohibition much meets the eye that would have been strange in former days.

One of the most pleading signs, shall we say of the times, recently greeted the eye of a guest in an hotel in a university town, somewhere in the midlands.

The sign was printed and attached to the bath-room wall; beneath it was screwed a familiar and often used implement. The astonished and delighted guest read the sign twice before believing the evidence of two usually trusted eyes. This was the legend it carried: "The management of this hotel does not wish to encourage any violation of the Volstead Act by its guests, but for the protection of our furniture, and for your convenience, there is installed in this room a bottle opener."

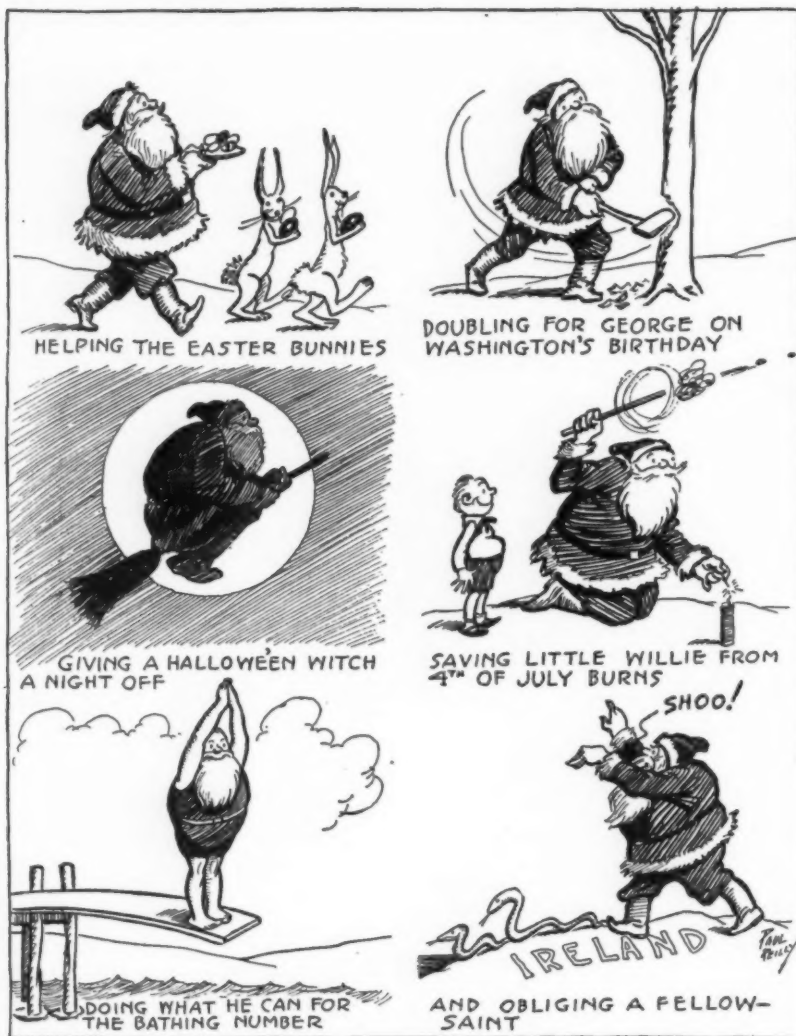
—Ruth Atwater.

*Directions for Contributing to This
Department on Page 75.*



Idea by Mrs. Donald McKee

The first doubt.



EXTRA WORK FOR SANTA CLAUS.

For the sentimental editor who pines to see more of him.

Lifelike dolls are being made now that are almost human except that when you squeeze one it doesn't say, "Let's eat."

There's no doubt but that Edison is one of the greatest men that ever lived, but while he was about it we do wish he had invented a light for which somebody wouldn't send you bills every month.

Anagrins

- (1) Scramble *riches* with an *a* and get a man who handles them.
- (2) Scramble *quaint* with an *e* and get something quaint at a quaint price.
- (3) Scramble *strange* with a *g* and get a stranger to law and order.
- (4) Scramble *weeds* with an *n* and get the home of the blonde.
- (5) Scramble *tainted* with an *o* and get a good chaser for bootleg.
- (6) Scramble *lines* with a *t* and get the easiest way to please a woman.

answers on page 74

Some Modern Writers Turn To Christmas Cards

DOROTHY PARKER

This little card to you I send
To give you cheer, to make you glad.
I send a *card* to you, my friend.
My *heart* is for another lad.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Christmas is coming. Everyone is usually very happy on Christmas. Everyone is usually very merry. I hope you are too.

GERTRUDE STEIN

Christmas, Christmas, impetuous,
Going, going, gone.
Mary had a little lamb,
Glubber, glabber, glibber, glub.

EUGENE O'NEILL

Wishing You a Merry Christmas And a Happy New Year.

(I really don't care a hell of a lot, but you sent me one last year, and I guess I have to reciprocate.)

EDGAR A. GUEST

I wish for folks just heaps o' cheer
To make their Christmas merry here.

CALVIN COOLIDGE

Merry Xmas.

Price \$2.00. Please remit.

ARTHUR BRISBANE

Today is Christmas. That is important. Thousands will read this and be happy. Celebrate Christmas if you wish, but don't gamble.

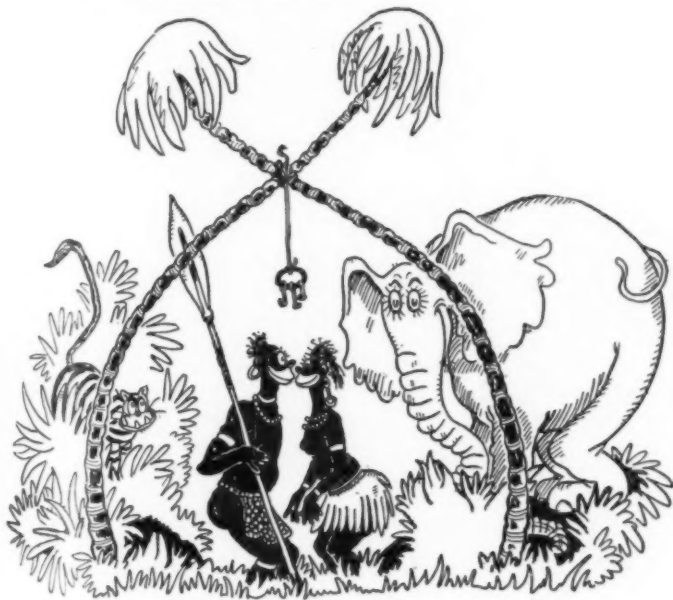


"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."

LIFE'S LITTLE EDUCATIONAL CHARTS.

SOME UNUSUAL SUBSTITUTES FOR MISTLETOE

What people hang up to kiss under in countries where mistletoe is unobtainable.



In the cruel blistering sun of the Congo, a bunch of mistletoe has no chance whatever. So when Christmas comes round, it's only natural that the caressing is done beneath good hardy bunches of roller skate keys.



On the Island of Kwaju, mistletoe being scarce, they've made it permissible to kiss a lady beneath a 1927 Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Telephone Directory, provided it is opened to the name Grimalken, Drouberhannus, Nalbner or Fepp.



"I dare you to come under the mistletoe," is never heard in Finland. What you hear is, "I dare you to come under the red-headed piano mover, aged twenty-four-and-a-half-going-on-twenty-five."



Far north in Haakon County, Greenland, they have a novel way indeed of solving the problem. During the Christmas holidays an eskimo may embrace with impunity any fair maid he is able to entice under a Geometric Progression.



"Stop staring, Filbert—and come help me hide these presents for Junior!"

It would be all right with most of us if Santa Claus would just drop a ton of coal down the chimney.

If you find out where something is in a department store, rush over and tell a floor walker. He will thank you because, more than likely, he never would have known himself.

Our idea of an impossibility would be a meeting between time and tide and Mayor Walker.

A husband may keep his self-respect and stoop to folly, but a wife can't keep hers and stoop to folly him around.

Mr. Phipps and Junior

JUNIOR: Paw, do you know what I want Santa Claus to bring me?

MR. PHIPPS: Sure, the United States Mint with a fence around it.

JUNIOR: You guessed wrong. All I want is a new sled, a pair of ice skates, an air rifle, an electric train, a dog that can do tricks and . . .

MR. PHIPPS: Wait a minute! Do you really expect to get all those things?

JUNIOR: No, but it doesn't cost anything to ask.

MR. PHIPPS: Well, it would cost me plenty to buy all those things, I'll tell you that much.

JUNIOR: I didn't tell you to buy them. I told you I wanted Santa Claus to bring them.

MR. PHIPPS: Er, er, that's right. But don't you know that I have to pay Santa Claus?

JUNIOR: It's the first time I heard anything about it.

MR. PHIPPS: Well, you're getting old enough to be told a few things now.

JUNIOR: All right, but if it's all the same to you, just wait until after Christmas to tell me about them!

MR. PHIPPS: Why?

JUNIOR: Well, the first thing I know you'll be telling me there isn't any Santa Claus, then where would I be on the sled proposition?

—James L. Dilley.

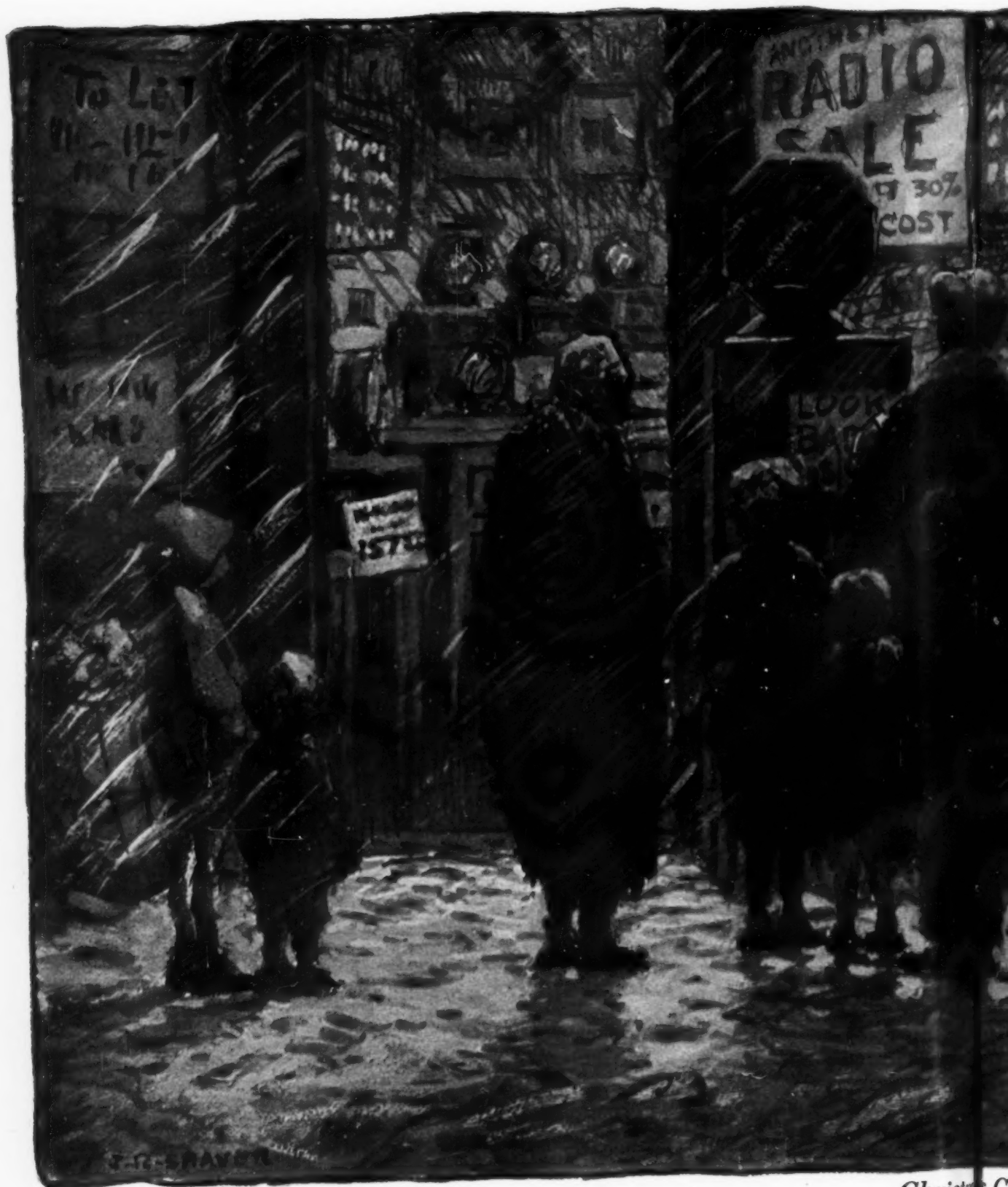
The automatic refrigerator that freezes ice cubes when you start a fire in it seems to be a success, but so far the efforts of janitors to heat buildings by putting ice in the furnace have failed.



"Toasting did it."



"Fred, let's have a good old fashioned Christmas this year."





Christmas Carol

Life



"'Twas the night before Christmas."

THE 1975

*How quaint and queer the customs were
When grandmama was young,
I'm glad I missed those dear old days
Of which so much is sung.*

*For girls had little freedom then
Their lives were dull and strict.
Had I been born in grandma's time
Good Lord how I'd have kicked.*



*The grave and prim Black Bottom she
Considered very bold,
And she danced the stately Charleston in
Those simple days of old.*

*The modest girlish dress she wore
Was scarce above her knees,
Though it thrilled grandpa to see it as
It fluttered in the breeze.*

*When to a party grandma went
She sat around and necked,
For with girls brought up so strictly then,
What else could one expect?*

*She had a silver pocket flask,
'Twas filled with naught but gin,
She thought it daring to get soused,
How quaint she must have been.*

*I have my grandma's photograph
At the seashore in the sand
In a clumsy one-piece bathing suit,
But grandpa thought it grand.*

*I wonder how, so overdressed,
She ever hoped to swim,
But grandpa says that bathing suit
Looked pretty good to him.*

*She loves to tell me stories of
The thrilling times she had.
She doesn't know I think so, but
They must have been quite sad.*

*I'm much afraid she disapproves
Of all our modern ways,
But still I'm glad I wasn't born
In those old fashioned days.*

—Newman Levy.

FLAPPER SPEAKS





Life in Washington

Christmas Day

YOUR government in Washington"—as the Senators put it—has filled your stocking with a choice collection of thumb-tacks, glue and stale candy.

Hoover's official "honeymoon" lasted until Congress took up the tariff. The result is a rarin' tearin' split between the President and the Senate, another split in the Republican party, and a national split between the East and West. Double-crosses have been passed around by everyone of any importance to everyone of any importance and old Bill Borah himself slipped the black spot to the White House. Hiram Bingham walked the plank for obtaining expert advice on the Tariff. Hiram Johnson joined the "When Do We Eat?" Club when he was the only member of the Foreign Relations Committee not invited to a White House dinner. Senator Smoot is a pretty smoot' guy but he was butted to a fare-youwell by the herd of Rocky Mountain goats who are running the Senate. Dave Reed of Pennsylvania is wondering why Vare ever wanted to be a Senator.

The Administration made a fool of itself by pretending that a man named Shearer, a lobbyist employed by the shipbuilders, had wrecked the Geneva Conference. So Shearer was shorn short by Shortridge in a nice, silly Senate inquiry. Then Ramsay MacDonald came, talked things over rapidly on the Rapidan, and told the Senate it could have all the parity it wanted and the House of Commons that it couldn't have the Freedom of the Seas. However, the result is a really handsome present to the nation, naval agreement with England, if our little Latin brothers in France and Italy don't snatch it away from us before we can see how it works.

We've had a bunch of "new patriots" down here helping run the Government. A "new patriot" has been defined as a rich friend of Hoover's. They are millionaires who come down and do government work for less than they or their jobs are worth. So far

the chief contribution of this Business Administration to the national efficiency has been to appropriate a lot of money to enable the farmers to afford to sell their crops at a loss.

Washington women have caused a lot of fun. The question of where Mrs. Gann, the Vice-President's sister, should sit at dinner has never been solved except by anatomists. Alice Longworth has not made matters any



Senator Bingham who walked the plank.

easier, but what Washington really wants to know is who strangled Virginia McPherson with the cord of her own pyjamas.

The Methodist Amendment has been operating on the principle that if only the Coast Guard sinks enough British ships there will be much less redistillation of industrial alcohol. We sank

the "I'm Alone" in the Gulf of Mexico and rammed the "James B." off Long Island. The British Embassy went dry with Hoover and wet again with Ramsay MacDonald. And gin is four dollars a quart in the national capital.

Russia and China, celebrated the coming into force of the Kellogg Anti-War Pact by starting what would otherwise be known as a war in Manchuria. . . . The Federal Reserve Board handed down one of those five-to-four decisions on the discount rate, whereupon Wall Street had a panic, followed by a panic, followed by a panic, followed by a panic, to the accompaniment of hearty cheers from Europe and loud cries from Washington that all was well with American business. . . . And so far as one observer can see, there's not one thing which has happened since March 4 which hasn't made a man named Calvin Coolidge very glad that he did not choose to run in 1928 and not one thing in sight which does not make that same cautious individual intensely available for the running, if any, in 1932.

—J. F.

You usually try to think of something clever to write on the card you put in a Christmas package, and usually write: "Merry Christmas."

A nice thing to have in the house is an unexpurgated check book.



Modeled by Barkdale Rogers

Senators Glass, Simmons and Borah.

"When shall we three bleat again?"

Christmases of other Years



His Christmas.

Reprinted from LIFE 1913



A Christmas Story.

Reprinted from LIFE 1910



Here it is Christmas, and they began saying good-bye in August.

Reprinted from LIFE 1909



Reprinted from LIFE 1915

"It's a wise boy that knows his own father."



Reprinted from LIFE 1925

"Ah, don't cry, ma, ya singin' swell."



Reprinted from LIFE 1926

Having exchanged Christmas greetings, the children wandered into the living-room.



Reprinted from LIFE 1912

"There now, jimsy! Didn't I tell you there's a Santa Claus."

New York Life



The Gamey Season

IN THE rare old fair old mid-victorian days, whenever nice people gathered together, they sat down quietly and played bridge whist or exchanged polite ideas on the affairs of the moment . . . our present day breed of neurotics seems to be afflicted with *Seven Year Itch* and *St. Vitus Dance* . . . the restless sex is no longer confined to the female of the species . . . the entire human race seems intent on going places and doing things . . . and doing things now a days means playing games . . . hundreds of books are being published on the subject, magazines run departments depicting idiotic pastimes for pale people in parlors and a "game bird" is no longer a person of courage but one of those life of the party boys who is up on all the latest diversions,



such as *Charades*, *Anagrams*, *Blah Blah* and *Lah De Dah* . . . however, if the dear public is so game conscious, now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party . . . So here, Folks, are games for young and old!

Who Is The Host?

This jolly little game can be played by any number of persons, in fact, the more the merrier . . . the idea is to find out, at a large party, just who the host is and where he is . . . the players choose up sides and then go around asking questions, such as "Say, who's giving this party anyway?" or "Who do we thank for the eats?" . . . the first person finding the host gets an autographed copy of "What to do What to do."

Embarrassing Questions

This game is much the same as "Truth" but is lots more fun because the object is to try and embarrass the



person who is "it" by such questions as "For the love of Mike, where do you get your hats?" or "Did you buy that dress at a fire sale?" . . . if the player refuses to answer any of the questions, he or she is not allowed to play in any of the other games and must sit in a corner the rest of the evening.

How's Your Blood Pressure?

This should be played immediately after "Embarrassing Questions" . . . the person selected to be "it" stands in the center of the room and a blood pressure gauge is attached to his or her arm . . . the master of the hounds then hurls questions at the poor unfortunate, such as "How much did you lose in the market?" etc. . . . all the players then take turns guessing what the blood pressure is.

Instalments

Here is a game that is just pure fun . . . pick out a piece of furniture, the radio or a new chair, or an article of wearing apparel or somebody's car . . . each player then takes turns guessing how many instalments the owner has paid on it . . . this makes a dandy gambling game.

Bric-a-Brac

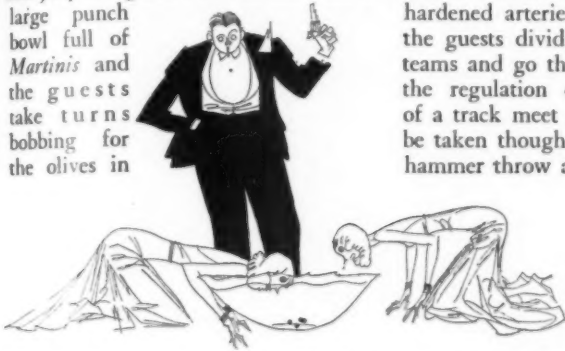
This game is sometimes called "Break-a-Brac" but



it is jolly sport no matter what it is named and also develops poise and balance in the players . . . each person takes turns balancing some piece of bric-a-brac, such as the gold fish bowl or a statuette, on his or her head and walking across the room . . . much *joie de vivre* is added to the sport if the guests are given several cocktails before the game starts.

Bobbing For Olives

The season doesn't necessarily have to be around *Hallowe'en*, although it does make it more sporting, to play this jolly old game . . . the host fills a large punch bowl full of *Martinis* and the guests take turns bobbing for the olives in



it . . . the last guest on his or her feet wins the prize.

Steeplechase

This invigorating sport, which is practically the same as outdoor steeplechasing, is guaranteed to liven up the duller evening . . . in place of real horses, if the host draws the line at this, the riders may use broom handles, and lounges and tables make lovely

barriers . . . the gold fish bowl makes a nice water jump . . . to add color and spice to the affair the ladies should give the men their "colors" to wear . . . any rider shying at a barrier is disqualified from the race.

Track Meet

Here again is another exciting sport which will loosen up hardened arteries . . . the guests divide into teams and go through the regulation events of a track meet . . . great care should be taken though in such events as the hammer throw and the shot put, especially if the party is held in a tenth floor apartment . . . for the low hurdles chairs may be used, and for the high hurdles couches and tables . . . lamps should be removed from the tables before the races start . . . for the discus throw ordinary dinner plates may be used.

Blind Man's Buff

This is what might be called an emergency game . . . if the party is falling flat and everybody is bored to tears, place the host or hostess in the

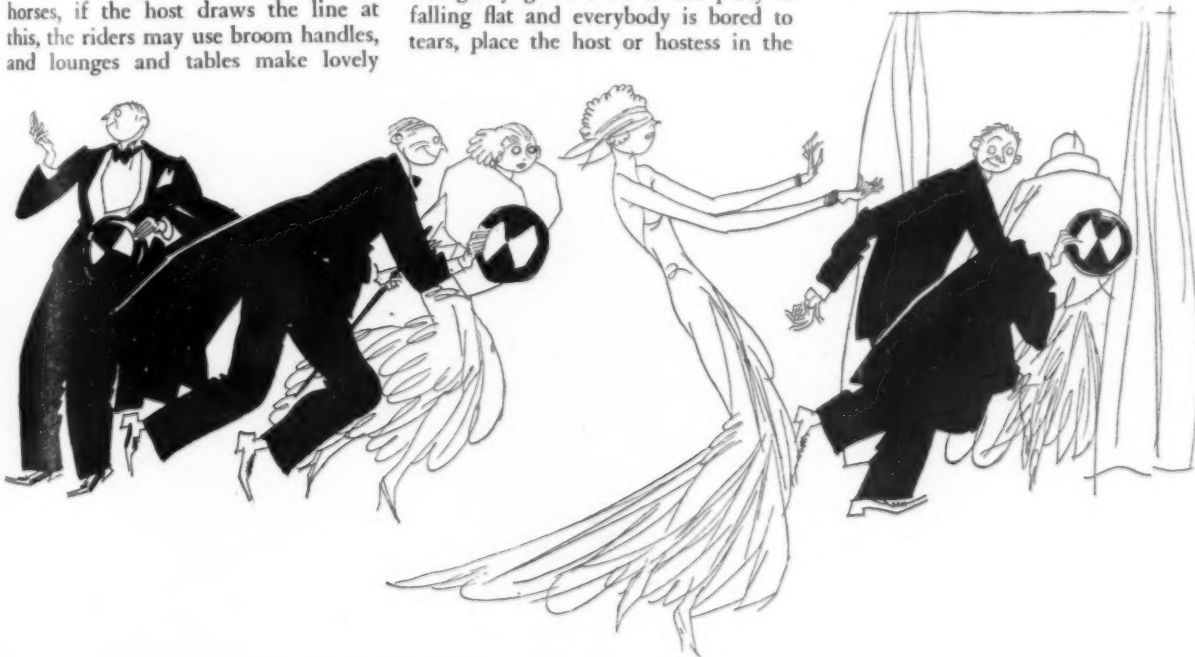


center of the room and blindfold him or her securely . . . then everybody sneaks home.

Fooling The Butler

This game is very simple to play but is just loads of fun . . . the idea is to see how many drinks you can steal off of the butler's tray without his knowing it . . . the player stealing the greatest number of drinks gets a beautiful skate for a prize . . . this game is similar to "Fooling the Host" . . . in this game you fool the host by not going to his party!

Knickerbocker Jr.



Theatre • by Ralph Barton

MOST of the prattle about the talkies killing the theatre springs from two sources: (a) the gentlemen in Southern California who own several billion dollars worth of machinery for the manufacture of talkies, and (b) the gentlemen around New York who have produced bad plays and had failures during the past two seasons. Both are demonstrably wrong. The only thing the talkies are killing is the moving picture industry. It is as good a moment as any to shed a tear for the senile infant.

Neither of these groups of endeavorers likes to think that moving pictures never were anything but a temporary nuisance. They are the successor, not to the theatre, but to the circus, the dime novel and the merry-go-round. They will be succeeded in time by television in the home, or by radio-controlled back-scratchers, or by some other such nonce amusement. People went to the movies, not because they were tired of the theatre, but because they were tired of making burnt-wood pipe-racks or were sick of going buggy riding.

The theatre, on the other hand, is about to celebrate the three-thousandth anniversary of its birth as an institution, and something like the fifty-thousandth as an irrepressible urge in the human breast. It has found it necessary to change so little since its beginning that plays written twenty-five centuries ago can be put on today and be laughed at or wept over as they were at their premières. If customers have occasionally deserted the cheap seats in the rear of the orchestra and the galleries to go and watch the Olympic Games, or a gladiatorial combat, or a chariot race, or a cock-fight, or to see

Christian or a witch burned, or to attend a circus or a movie, they have always been glad enough to scamper back the moment the substitute began to pall. There is no reason to believe that the theatre will not go on until the planet cools off and dies.

The movies began to pall when they were attacked by the disease of perfectionism. As long as they were merely flat, crude, shifting photographs, they were supportable and might have lasted a generation or two. They were more or less enjoyable, not for what they gave the spectator, but for what they allowed the spectator to

give them. They provided great open spaces as playgrounds for the spectator's imagination. It was just possible for a shop-girl to project her own starved soul into a wretched, contrasty photograph of Theda Bara to the point where the thing reminded her, in a vague sort of way, of a human being—of, in fact, herself. When the talkies will have reached that state of perfection that the Hollywood Mussolinis are always talking about, the imagination will be crowded out. We shall be shown actresses in the round, glittering in their natural colors, speaking, sighing and sobbing in as life-like a man-



For a good little theatre-goer.

ner as could be managed today by the finest phonograph—and the sight will remind us of nothing but the fact that they are not real, flesh-and-blood actresses, after all, but mere mechanical marvels. At that point, we shall reach for our hats and dash from the movie cathedrals in search of a tenth road company of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to see Little Eva ascend to heaven, with the delicious feeling that we are actually present, eavesdropping on her ecstasy.

WHO could pretend that hearing the splash of a five-gallon tear in a close-up could ever be as moving as sitting in the same room with, for example, Sylvia Sidney's agony in "Cross Roads?" Only Charlie Chaplin, who is artist enough to stick to silent pictures and sets which have the vivid crudity of children's drawings, could

tickle and touch us as we are tickled and touched by watching Donald Meek in "Broken Dishes" from a distance of a few yards.

Neither of these plays by Martin Flavin, author of "The Criminal Code," will win the drama cup for the century, but they are better than the talkies and well worth seeing. "Broken Dishes" sets forth the story of a husband who has been reduced to a Donald Meek by hearing, for thirty years, the name of the man his wife Might Have Married. When the curtain rises on the front parlor of the Bumpstead home, Mr. Meek has long since learned to listen to his name without even wincing, in spite of the fact that he is one of the very best winners on the American stage. For an act or two, he crawls about the room, a contemptible Thing, a miserable worm, being picked on by mother and the girls, having his knuckles rapped whenever he reaches for cake, and leading a dog's life generally. Then he takes a drink of hard cider and explodes into low down farce and open mutiny. It is pretty good fun.

The only thing that is the matter with "Cross Roads" is the only thing that is the matter with "The Criminal Code." Mr. Flavin has a tendency to take sex a shade too seriously. He should read more French novels. The French are in on the secret that sex is God's joke on the human race. Every time a shirt-front creaks to make room for a deep breath inspired by a glance from a pair of female eyes, all the angels burst out laughing—and (though it is perhaps an impertinence on my part to say so) how right they are. The business is funny, not tragic.

In "Cross Roads," as in the melodramas of yore, the First False Step leads to the most horrible consequences, whereas, in life, the First False Step, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, leads merely to the Second. A college boy, in love with a co-ed, gives up hope of an immediate marriage and goes off with a cheap cutie to the disreputable hotel which holds the concession for the campus. He brings the girl's father and the Seduction Law down about his shoulders and doesn't wriggle out of the mess until along about a quarter of eleven. Besides Sylvia Sidney, Eric Dressler and Peggy Shannon deliver themselves of first-class performances.



FROM A QUARTER OF A DOZEN PLAYS BY MARTIN FLAVIN.
*Arthur Byron in "The Criminal Code", Donald Meek in "Broken Dishes", and
Sylvia Sidney in "Cross Roads."*



Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

NOVEMBER 13.—In a great wax this morning because the bed which I have awaited so long and so eagerly did arrive with a mattress of one hue and a box spring of another and a discrepancy of eight inches between both and the foot, and I could easily believe, from several recent and bitter experiences, that outfitters of domestic furnishings are in league with the devil. My new silk frock arrived also, in a length which I do not deem modish, and the papers, periodicals and correspondence on my writing-table have again, in spite of my steady attacks upon them, attained a profusion and depth which minds me, on this mizzling day, to seek a land where nobody can read or write, where the natives wear grass raiment of self and simple manufacture and, when in need of a meal, attack a fruit tree or berry bush instead of a grocer and butcher by means of the telephone. Struggling to attain a more cheerful psychology, I did remember that into each life some rain must fall, but Lord! who wants a cloudburst? I did also ponder upon Job, and in this connection it is a comfort to set down that I have not yet had boils. But my "Invictus" spirit of several days back is not wholly shattered. The hero of "Excelsior" has nought upon me save his flag. I do mean to come through this removal business triumphant, even if I must break over the pate of a certain delinquent artisan the costly Persian jar I am trying to get him to transform into an electric lamp, and it will be no mean triumph, neither, if I do but secure enough light bulbs to equip the flat without having a single empty socket. An interview with Katie, which sank to such an informal level that she confessed a liking for her situ-

ation because I was the only woman for whom she had ever worked who did not ask her what had become of this or that in the larder, but when she did add that she also liked to laugh, I deemed it best to swing the talk back to my new enthusiasm for Italian green vegetables. To tea again at the Smith College Club, finding President Neilson there, and also Terence Holliday, my favorite bookseller, who spoke on the latest publications and gave "A Room of One's Own" and "Look Homeward, Angel" the high praise which they did so richly merit, and then home to find four more invitations to debutante parties, the lowest form of social entertainment, and also Samuel, somewhat agog because Lindbergh had sat in the chair next him when he was getting his hair cut at the club, and the doorman later told Sam that he had reprimanded a taxi driver for refusing a gold piece tendered him by Lindbergh

on the ground that it might be counterfeit by asking him, as he settled the matter out of his own pocket at the Colonel's request, if he did not know whom he had been driving, whereto the man retorted, "I don't care if he was an angel with wings—I'd want to be sure of me fare!" To dinner at the Bannings, and all the talk was, as it is now everywhere, of the dreadful break in the market, for you do seldom meet a soul these days who has not known six suicides personally, and the tales of furs and jewels being returned to shops does almost convince one that merchants like Mr. Carter and Revillon Freres will be amongst the *Times'* "100 Neediest Cases" at the coming Yuletide. Moreover, one man did tell me that he had seen a broker throw three keys on the floor of the Stock Exchange yesterday, with the comment, "Well, there go Jessie, Mabel, and Annabelle!"

That Uncontrollable Impulse

Whene'er a hen lays eggs, with each
She is impelled to make a speech.
The selfsame urge stirs human bones
Whenever men lay cornerstones.

—Baron Ireland.

One substitute for mistletoe this winter is hair.



"Personally, I prefer to have men treat me as an equal rather than put me on a pedestal."

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Condemned"

IT IS manifestly unfair for motion picture critics to be forever saying, "So-and-So's latest picture is, perhaps, a little better than the average run of films, but it is a great disappointment when compared with his work in Such-and-Such." For instance, no matter what role H. B. Walthall may play, you will hear one of these critics say, "Pretty good—but remember him in 'The Birth of A Nation'?" Richard Barthelmess has his "Tol'able David," Charlie Chaplin has "The Kid," and one of the screen's most competent vamps has lost out because everything she does is compared to a certain scene she once enacted on a tiger skin—and now that she has taken on a little weight she has had to give up tiger skin lying because not enough of the skin shows . . . of the tiger, of course. It isn't fair.

Bearing this in mind, we will begin our review of "Condemned" by saying that Ronald Colman's latest picture is a great disappointment when compared with his work in "Bulldog Drummond." Of all the things they might have selected for this fine actor, why should they choose a story of prison life on the French penal settlement, Devil's Island? But that's your movie producer. He gets hold of a man who has the voice and appearance of a gentleman and can't wait until he has him cast as a criminal. We prefer Colman vehicles in which the hero, dressed immaculately, sits in a drawing-room with some lady who is hard to get and brings her around to his point of view without the least display of violence. In this one Ronald is a convict in a prison where, in one scene, the inmates gaily sing the prison theme song, and in another we hear screams of men who are evidently being driven insane by their treatment. For the sake of our Foreign Relations

Committee we hope this picture is never shown in France. The big excitement is Mr. Colman's jail break, which is engineered through a series of circumstances that would have been considered miracles even in the days when Jonah and Daniel were being featured in escape acts.

The picture offers suitable opportunities for the talents of Miss Ann Harding and Mr. Dudley Digges. Miss Harding, last seen on the stage in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," is one of those wistful blondes who never seem quite happy. History teaches us that it is difficult to keep a blonde happy, or an unhappy blonde, for that matter, be-

wonder that Miss Harding proceeds to fall in love with the handsome thief. She would have fallen for any man who washed behind his ears and was not a bicarbonate of soda addict.

The fourth principal is Mr. Louis Wolheim, who has all the earmarks and nose marks of a condemned murderer, but whose voice, unfortunately, is quite nice.

You may judge from this that the writer is not very enthusiastic about "Condemned." It is Mr. Colman's own fault for establishing himself as this department's favorite male talkie star, so in summing up we can only say that Mr. Colman's latest picture is, perhaps, a little better . . . etc.



"It's very disturbing Mrs. Peebles—last year the kiddies were confusing me with Trader Horn—this year it's Bernard Shaw."

cause blondes are naturally restless . . . in fact, some of the most famous restless women in history have been blondes at one time or another. Realizing this point, it is not surprising to discover that Miss Harding is unhappily married to the warden of Devil's Island prison . . . a badly dressed person who is neither a scholar nor a gentleman and who, to employ a modern descriptive, "comes from the Burrpshires," an expression being used by the younger generation to indicate people who suffer from audible indigestion. Both Miss Harding and Mr. Digges are excellent.

When the pompous warden decides that his position merits the dignity of a household servant, he foolishly selects Mr. Colman from among all his prisoners for the job. It is no great

selle or seniorita. This makes it possible for her to say *Si* or *Oiu*, and also gives her the privilege of pronouncing all *S's* as though they were *Z's*.

And so we have Marion Davies in "Marianne." According to rumor, Metro-Goldwyn has been spending a lot of time and money in an effort to produce a satisfactory record of Miss Davies' voice. Then some inspired soul suggested French dialect, and the result has been a surprise to a number of movie reporters who have been frankly predicting that her first starring talkie would be a flop. None were more surprised than LIFE's critic, first, because of the advance gossip, and more particularly because we have never been greatly impressed with Miss

(Continued on Page 58)

"Marianne"

MOVIE technicians have at last found a method through which to circumvent the use of that bugaboo of the talkie commonly known as the *feminine* or *lisp*ing *S*. When they find a star now who pronounces the word "yes" like the final shot of carbonated water in an ice cream soda, they immediately cast the lady as a mademoi-

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See page 60

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Comedy and Drama

- ★STREET SCENE. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Elmer Rice's important drama of a mean street.
- ★LET US BE GAY. *Little*. \$4.40—Francine Larrimore meets an ex-husband in an amusing comedy by Rachel Crothers.
- ★JOURNEY'S END. *Henry Miller's*. \$4.40—Vivid moments in a British officers' dug-out.
- ★BIRD IN HAND. *Ethel Barrymore*. \$3.85—Last few days of this comedy by John Drinkwater.
- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Biogenesis made light of.
- ★GAMBLING. *Fulton*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—George M. Cohan doing some fine acting as a tight-lipped gambler.
- HOUSEPARTY. *Waldorf*—The fraternity house murder.
- ★ROPE'S END. *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The Whoops Brothers getting a kick out of murder.
- ★SUBWAY EXPRESS. *Liberty*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Move up in front and get killed.
- ★CANDLE-LIGHT. *Empire*. \$4.40—Delicate repartee in the hands of Gertrude Lawrence, Reginald Owen and Ernest Glendenning.
- ★THE CRIMINAL CODE. *National*. \$3.85—Amazing settings by Albert R. Johnson for a serious study of crime and punishment.
- ★JENNY. *Booth*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Jane Cowl, better and better as Jane Cowl.
- ★JUNE MOON. *Broadhurst*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Enough laughs for three shows.
- ★THE CHANNEL ROAD. *Plymouth*. \$3.85—A daughter of joy gives all to save some hypocrites.
- ★LADIES OF THE JURY. *Erlanger's*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Mrs. Fiske swinging the jury.
- ★BERKELEY SQUARE. *Lyceum*. \$4.40—Leslie Howard turns up as his own ancestor in XVIIIth century London.
- ★BROKEN DISHES. *Ritz*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Donald Meek as a worm that turns.
- ★CAPONSACCHI. *Hampden*. \$3.85—A re-revival by Walter Hampden.
- CROSS ROADS. *Morosco*—What the Life Force does to studies in college.
- THUNDER IN THE AIR. *Forty-ninth Street*—A dead man revisits the earth.
- OTHER MEN'S WIVES. *Times Square*—Such a mix-up in a French hotel!
- WINTER BOUND. *Garrick*—The name of "The Captive" taken in vain.
- VENEER. *Sam H. Harris*—A tragedy of Washington Heights, with Henry Hull.
- QUEEN BEE. *Belmont*—Unfunny comedy.

Eye and Ear

- ★THE NEW MOON. *Casino*. \$5.50—Couldn't get away. Here for a few more days.
- ★FOLLOW THRU. *Chanin's Forty-sixth Street*. \$5.50—The goli show.

★THE LITTLE SHOW. *Music Box*. \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—Clifton Webb, Fred Allen and Libby Holman—the revue with "Moanin' Low" in it.

HOT CHOCOLATES. *Hudson*—Ebony stepping. EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-fourth Street*—Not so naughty and better.

★SWEET ADELIN. *Hammerstein*. \$6.60—Helen Morgan, Charles Butterworth and Irene Franklin. Tunesful and grand.

★THE STREET SINGER. *Shubert*. \$5.50—Queenie Smith, Guy Robertson and Andrew Tombes. Good dancing.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS. *Apollo*—Frances Williams, Willie Howard and Master White. As good as ever.

★A WONDERFUL NIGHT. *Majestic*. \$5.50—Johann Strauss' music sung nicely by Gladys Baxter.

★BITTER SWEET. *Ziegfeld*. \$6.60—Noel Coward's operetta, with the ravishing Evelyn Laye. Ever so elegant.

★HEADS UP! *Alvin*—Jack Whiting and Victor Moore; marvelous dancing and Richard Rodgers' music.

MARIANNE. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Reviewed in this issue.

SWEETIE. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Jack Oakie's rendition of "Alma Mammy" is worth the price of admission. Also Nancy Carroll and Helen Kane. Swell fun.

BROADWAY SCANDALS. (TALKIE) *Columbia*—Scandalous.

THE UNHOLY NIGHT. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Roland Young, Dorothy Sebastian and Ernest Torrance in a good Boo! picture.

HUNTING TIGERS IN INDIA. *Talking Picture Epics*—The first of a series of scientific pictures accompanied by talkie lectures. Very interesting.

THE HOLLYWOOD STAR. (TALKIE) *Mack Sennett*—A really funny short comedy.

SUNNY SIDE UP. (TALKIE) *Fox*—Janet Gaynor and Charley Farrell try to sing. The tunes are swell and the "Turn On The Heat" number is worth the price of admission.

THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS. (TALKIE) *Fox*—Will Rogers is as interesting on the screen as he is in person.

RIO RITA. (TALKIE) *Radio*—A swell screen version of the Ziegfeld musical extravaganza—and you will be amazed when you here Bebe Daniels sing.

APPLAUSE. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Helen Morgan becomes a capable dramatic actress. Excellent cast.

(Continued on Page 60)

Movies

CONDEMNED. (TALKIE) *Samuel Goldwyn*—Reviewed in this issue.



"NAW, THERE AIN'T NO SANTY CLAUS—HE'S JUST--"



"OF COURSE HE'S JUST YOUR ---"



"?????"



LITTLE ROLLO—I BEEN HEARING A LOT OF RUMORS LATELY---ARE YOU MY FATHER?

Little Rollo.

A Truly Fine Gift....

FILMO

personal movie cameras and projectors

OR ACCESSORIES FOR THE PERSON

WHO OWNS ONE

AFTER the gay, bright tinsel is packed away, what *one* gift will remain as *the* gift of them all? Will it not be the gift that fits in most perfectly with the receiver's hobby... his or her more personal interests that bring pleasure throughout the year? Such a gift is the Filmo personal movie camera.

For mother and for father, whose interests center in children and family, Filmo preserves their most cherished memories in a living, never-ending story. For the follower of sports, Filmo is a prize indeed; it fits his hobby to perfection, dramatizing for him the swift movement and the spectacle of outdoor life which perennially intrigues his interest. For the traveler, Filmo "writes" a travel diary, superb in its splendid detail, in its graphic action, in its accurate story-telling. To anyone, Filmo brings a movie library

of whatever is nearest his heart.

Filmo is worthy to be this supreme gift... for Filmo is made by Bell & Howell, whose professional motion picture cameras have been used almost exclusively by the major film producers of the world for 22 years.

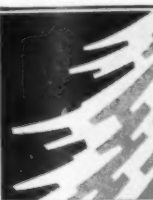
Does he or she already own a Filmo? Then the gift selection is more certain still. There are many accessories to add interest to personal movie photography. Some are shown here. There are many others offered by Filmo dealers, their prices ranging from very few dollars to many.

Ask your dealer to show you the various models of Filmo cameras, projectors and accessories or write today for literature. Or, if you'd like a Filmo yourself for Christmas, we'll be only too glad to drop the hint if you'll tell us who you prefer should give it to you.

Editing equipment for arranging movies in sequence and cutting out unwanted scenes. \$40 and less.



For fine indoor photography, Halliaron Single or Twin studio lights. Price range from \$13.50 to \$37.50.



Filmo 75-A. The original and foremost personal movie camera. Two speeds. Interchangeable lenses. Spyglass viewfinder. Prices range from \$180 and up with case.



Filmo 57-A Projector. Insures brilliant, theater-clear movies. Absolutely no flicker. Automatic, runs itself. Equipped with 200 watt 4 amp. lamp. \$190 with carrying case.

Filmo 75-A. The original and foremost personal movie camera. Two speeds. Interchangeable lenses. Spyglass viewfinder. Prices range from \$180 and up with case.

Filmo 75. Built like a watch. Fits your pocket. Beautifully embossed metal case. Choice of three colors—black, silver, brown. \$120 and up with leather carrying case.

Filmo 75-D. The master of all personal movie cameras. Seven speeds, three-lens turret, variable spyglass viewfinder. \$245 up in Mayfair case with Sematone lock.

Filmo 57-G Projector. Equipped for movies in Kodacolor, as well as in black and white. Has 250 watt 5 amp. lamp, variable voltage resistance and voltmeter. \$275 with case.

For excellent projection of your film, the Crystal Mirror or "Bulk" North Screens. \$15 and up.

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Filmo

WHAT YOU SEE, YOU GET

BELL & HOWELL CO., DEPT. L, 1823 LARCHMONT AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
NEW YORK • HOLLYWOOD • LONDON (B. & H. CO., LTD.) • ESTABLISHED 1907



BIG AND LITTLE, RICH AND POOR, CAN PROJECT THEIR PERSONALITIES OVER THE WIDE NETWORK OF ITS WIRES

In the service of all the people

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

THE Bell System is owned by 450,000 stockholders and operated by more than 400,000 workers for the service of the people of the nation.

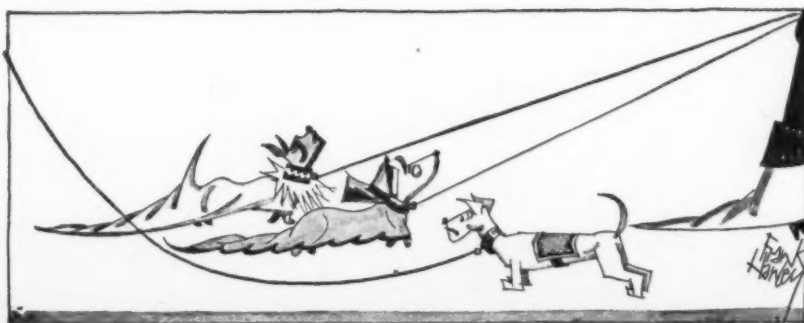
It is a democratic instrument of a democracy. Big and little, rich and poor, can project their personalities over the wide network of its wires. For friendship or business, pleasure or profit, the telephone is indispensable to our modern civilization.

This year the Bell System is erecting new telephone buildings in more than 200 cities. It is



putting in thousands of miles of cable, thousands of sections of switchboard and hundreds of thousands of new telephones. Its expenditure for plant and improvements in service in 1929 will be more than 550 millions of dollars—half again as much as it cost to build the Panama Canal.

This program is part of the telephone ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.



In style.

Graham Crackers

There is a popular rumor afoot that college football teams are to be made up of twelve men next year. Eleven players and a bookkeeper.

If this next one ever gets out of the column some facetious linotyper is going to paste a "How's Tricks" head onto it. Anyway while we're on the subject of colleges we might remark that at least one young bridge sharp is planning to Work his way through college.

Some green eyed statistician has figured out that Coolidge has netted more than a hundred thousand bucks since he went literary. Which figure is something like three times as much as he would have dragged down shaking hands at the White House over a similar period. Ho Hum... who wouldn't rather write than be President...?

For the benefit of those who might shout "Stop Thief!" I am happy to say that I am not the father of this brain child.

The anthropoid song... "Gorilla My Dreams..."

Then there was the Scotch tap dancer who picked up quite a bit of extra money breaking in new shoes for his friends.

Add Awful Songs: DON'T FALL FOR A BOOTLEGGERS DAUGHTER, THEY'LL CUT YOU EVERY TIME.

After seeing a couple of prizefights lately we have decided that if there is anything in this heredity business, a pug's daughter oughta be simply swell in the clinches.

The complete absence of holly wreaths at this time brings to mind the story of the absentminded professor who came home on Christmas Eve with an American flag and a lot of fireworks.

Now that Joan Lowell has weathered the literary swells and thrown overboard her rancour, she ought to turn out some pretty good reading. That is a pretty terrible gag but then so was that Cradle of The Deep one.

The barrier is up and there's no stopping me on this one which concerns a piano dealer who jilted a chorine. Anyway, he was an upright young man so he gave her a grand.
—ed. Graham.

What the Well-Dressed New Money is Wearing!



Sleek and handsome as a fine thin watch . . . the new Bill-Tainer is as slender as it is smart . . . *can't rip, buckle, or bulge*



TAILORED to fit—and styled as becomes its contents . . . a billfold thoroughly in keeping with the "graceful gesture of paying for things."

In keeping, too, with the modern tendency to safeguard against little annoyances that disturb a man's poise.

You'll never feel the Bill-Tainer bulking awkwardly in your pocket—*any* pocket. Vest or coat—or on the hip—it conforms per-

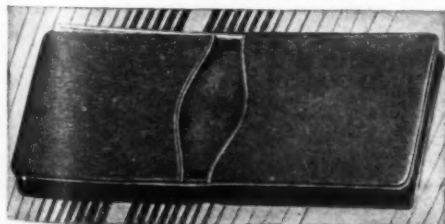
fectly. Thin as a modern watch . . . flexible as a woman's opinion. Simply can't "buckle" or bulge—due to its patented new construction.

Nor will you ever have occasion to hide frayed edges—ripped seams. This aristocrat of billfolds hasn't a stitch or a seam in it. Ingeniously *folded* together instead of sewed. Guaranteed not to give way at any point during the life of the leather—replaced free if it does.

Hand-wrought in every handsome detail —by the same craftsmen who created the famous Buxton Key-Tainer.

Illustration shows the Bill-Tainer finished in Ostrich Inlay on finest calfskin—a distinctive new creation in leather goods. Priced at \$10. Other fine leathers from \$3.50 up.

If your regular dealer does not yet carry Bill-Tainers, write to Buxton, Inc., 508 Main Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.



NOW ALSO IN THE SMALLEST SIZE . . .

This simplified form of the Bill-Tainer is the smallest practical billfold that can be made. Slips readily into a handbag or a man's vest-pocket. In many distinctive leathers. Priced from \$2.00 up.

BUXTON BILL-TAINERS

Not a stitch to rip or tear

Holiday Cheer With European Flavour!

You won't find anything more delightful for Christmas and holiday hospitality than these world famous flavours—all imported. For the banquet table, buffet or serving tray they lend perfect enhancement to holiday cheer and spirit.

B. B. DORF & CO. INC.
350 W. 31st St., N. Y.

At All Good Grocers

Recipe booklet L. for mixed drinks on request

DRY MARTINI
1/3 Nuyens' French Dry Vermouth
2/3 Holloway's London Dry,
Shake With Cracked Ice

Made and Bottled in France

HOLLOWAY'S LONDON DRY
Direct from London where it is especially distilled for the American market. Blends well with drinks.

ALEXANDER COCKTAIL
1/3 Holloway's London Dry
1/3 Nuyens' Crem de Cocoa
1/3 Cream,
Shake With Cracked Ice.

NUYENS' FRENCH DRY VERMOUTH

NUYENS' CREME DE COCOA

LIFE'S DOG CALENDAR



Our annual DOG CALENDAR is a very popular institution, increasingly in demand. It makes a most welcome gift for all who love dogs. Most of us do, and anyway

Everybody loves LIFE's DOGS.

6 Sheets in Colors, 10 x 14, Price One Dollar.

An unusually good looking calendar! You'll want it yourself, of course, and a few to send away for Christmas. Better order at once, as the edition is limited.

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Dear LIFE:

Enclosed are.....dollars.

Please mail.....Calendars

To

Delightful Difference Between Churchmen

Bishop Manning says that Dr. Reiland and the officers of St. George's Church must not permit a Communion Service to be held in that Church at which the officiant is a minister who has not received Episcopal ordination.

The plan was to have a Communion Service in that Church in connection with the Christian Unity League, and to have Dr. Henry Sloan Coffin officiate.

Dr. Manning says that they cannot do that because it is contrary to the rules of the Episcopal Church; and this he says under advice of his lawyer, Mr. Zabriskie, notwithstanding that Brothers George Wickersham and R. Fulton Cutting, both experts on Church law, had assured Dr. Reiland that he could lend his Church to the Christian Unity League and to have the Communion Service as planned. Dr. Manning also intimates that the Christian Unity League is no good anyhow and has no manners.

All of which is delightful, and illuminates a great fact, that there is not going to be any church unity at present. It may come sometime, but not until existing organizations have collapsed. They seem to be on the way to it, because contemporary understanding of Christianity has passed them. They are tied to a lot of fixtures and statements of belief that are no longer true to the contemporary mind, and there won't be church unity until they will get loose from them.

But what are Brothers Wickersham and Cutting going to do about Brother Zabriskie's assertion that they do not know Church law and have given Dr. Reiland unsound advice?

Oh my!

—E. S. Martin.

YOUNG MAN: I've called to see about a job.

BOSS: But I do all the work myself. "That's perfect. When can I start?"

—Answers.



"I'll take the one with the kind eyes."

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



*As in a fine watch
.... the movement is the secret!*

THIS IS THE RONSON MOVEMENT
Just press—and *up* flips the snuffer cap, *Flash!* goes the spark, *Zip!* there's your *light!*

The action is entirely automatic—precise, uniform—and unfailing.

A flip—and it's lit!

Release—and it's out!

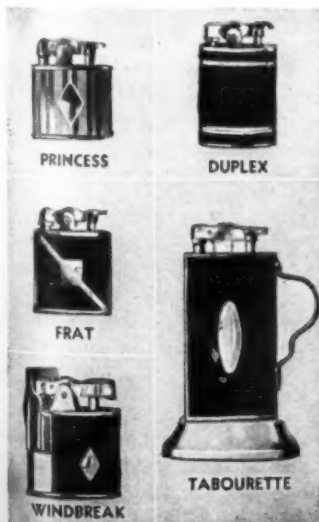
JUDGE a lighter, as you judge a watch, by its *works*—by the worth of its *movement* as well as the beauty of its case.

The one-finger Ronson automatic action has revolutionized lighter design and construction—made possible smarter, smaller, slimmer, more convenient cases.

It has given the Ronson supreme reliability—ticking off lights with the steady regularity of a watch.

There's no substitute for Ronson perfection. Get the genuine. All sizes, all styles, all finishes, for pocket, desk or table. \$5. and up, at jewelry, tobacco, drug, haberdashery, and department stores.

ART METAL WORKS, INC., Aronson Square, Newark, N. J.
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NEW 1930 MODELS
RONSON
TRADE MARK REG. FULLY PATENTED. OTHER PATS. PENDING
De-light

THE PERFECT
LIGHTER IN THE
PERFECT CASE!

BE SURE IT'S WRIGLEY'S



WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT is liked by millions because of its smooth chewing quality and delicious flavor.



Taste the Juice of Real Mint Leaves

Merry Christmas!

The Pleasure of Receiving and the Pleasure of Giving are Both Assured in a Subscription to

LIFE



It is the one gift everybody wants, both youngsters and oldsters, and means real satisfaction for all, each week, for the whole year round. Try it and see.

Christmas Offer

Enclosed find Five Dollars (U. S. and Canada); Foreign \$6.60. Send LIFE for one year to

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LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York L.

Movies

(Continued from Page 51)

Davies' work as a silent performer. "Marianne," in our opinion, is the best thing Miss Davies has ever done, with the possible exception of "Show People." Her voice is a rough contralto, but easily understandable and perfectly in character with the rôle she plays.

To the credit of the producers it must be said that the film has been made about as fool proof from a box-office standpoint as is possible. An American soldier returning from the front after the Armistice falls in love with the pretty French girl. She is receptive but must remember her vows to the young French officer, even though she has not heard from her former sweetheart and believes him dead. Just as the American is about to persuade her to go away, the French officer arrives on the scene. He has lost his sight, so, of course, Marianne must remain behind with him. Very sad. But after the American gets back home he receives a letter. He would. The French hero has divined the secret in Marianne's heart . . . he has decided to become a priest . . . and she is coming to America. We forget whether or not there is a line in the introduction of the producers, director, cameramen, etc., that says the picture is taken from "an original story by So-and-So."

In addition to her satisfactory handling of French (at least it was O. K. with us) Miss Davies sings a couple of ditties and gives some imitations. It is strange how receptive the public is to imitations. For instance, when Miss Davies imitated Sarah Bernhardt, dozens of people around us said, "How remarkable," and we were certainly not going to be left out of the general approval.

Supporting the star are Lawrence Gray, the reliable Cliff Edwards, who in public life is Ukulele Ike, and the Jewish comic, Benny Rubin. Mr. Gray has a surprisingly pleasant singing voice, and we recommend his rendition of "Just You, Just Me," which is the best tune in the show. Mr. Edwards is as entertaining as usual with his favorite instrument, particularly when he strums and hums a soulful little ditty entitled, "When I See My Sugar, I Get A Lump In My Throat." Puleeze, Mr. Edwards. Such sentiment!

Some good fun in "Marianne" and the sentiment does not get too mushy.

Many Hollywood houses, we read, are luxurious to the point of ostentation. It is probably quite untrue, however, that one film star has all the curtains hung on her gold wedding rings.

—Humorist.

AN ANCIENT PREJUDICE HAS BEEN REMOVED



Justice is no longer dispensed by ignorant and individual domination. Another ancient prejudice stands convicted by AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE which insists that a jury "twelve good men, tried and true" decide the facts.



"TOASTING DID IT"—

Gone is that ancient prejudice against cigarettes — Progress has been made. We removed the prejudice against cigarettes when we removed from the tobaccos harmful corrosive acrids (pungent irritants) present in cigarettes manufactured in the old fashioned way. Thus "TOASTING" has destroyed that ancient prejudice against cigarette smoking by men and by women.

"It's toasted"

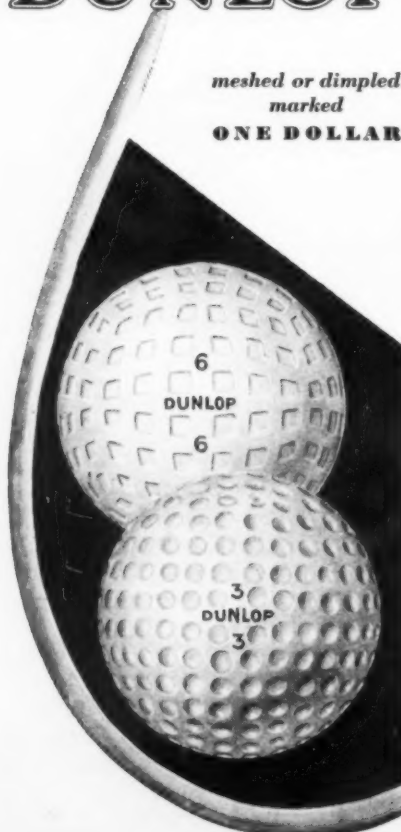
No Throat Irritation—No Cough.



HAVE YOU EVER HEARD
ANYONE ASK FOR
A BETTER GOLF-BALL
THAN A DUNLOP?

THE IMPORTED "BLACK"
DUNLOP

meshed or dimpled
marked
ONE DOLLAR



Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 52)

DISRAELI. (TALKIE) Warner Brothers—The talkies preserve a record of George Arliss in his greatest rôle. Splendid.

FLIGHT. (TALKIE) Columbia—Jack Holt and Ralph Graves making Nicaragua safe for the Marines. Good aerial photography.

SALUTE. (TALKIE) Fox—Opening the Hollywood football season with George O'Brien heroing. Stepin Fetchit gives another fine comedy performance.

WHY BRING THAT UP. (TALKIE) Paramount—Moran and Mack in a tiresome rehash of the "early bird and worm" stuff.

THE LADY LIES. (TALKIE) Paramount—Walter Huston and Claudette Colbert in an interesting story about kept women.

STREET GIRL. (TALKIE) R. K. O.—Light but entertaining song-dance-love picture. Good fun by Jack Oakie.

THE SINGLE STANDARD. (SILENT) Metro-Goldwyn—Greta Garbo still going over big without the aid of the human voice.

Supper Clubs

*Dressy

C. Cover Charge FS Fridays and Saturdays

H Headwaiter

SMIG The price of Sandwiches, Mineral Water, Ice, Gingerale (for two)

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3rd. A swell place to meet your friends. Bob and Muriel Johnson. Hale Buyers and his orchestra, Don Alberto's Argentine Tango orchestra. C.\$3. S.\$4.00. H.Arnold. SMIG.\$4.

CASANOVA, 134 W. 52. Popular place. Francis Williams and Keating, the magician. C.\$4. H.Louis. SMIG.\$5.

CHEZ FLORENCE, 58th St., near 8th Ave. Formerly Guinan's. You can stay up all night. C.\$4.00. SMIG.\$4.00.

CLUB PLAZA, Plaza Hotel. Nice. Frances Mann and Frederick Carpenter dancing at tea and supper. Dick Gasparre's orchestra. * C.\$2. H.Adolph.

COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9th. Economic fun. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. H.Charlie. SMIG.\$1.85.

CONNIE'S INN, 7th Ave. at 131st. Harlem fun, late at night. C.\$2. FS.\$2.50. SMIG.\$2.75.

COTTON CLUB, Lenox Ave. at 142. Ditto Harlem fun. Ditto same prices.

DOMO, 52 W. 8th. Greenwich Village night club life. Von Grona and Bouvier, Blanche Fleming. C.\$1. S.\$1.50. H.Frank. SMIG.\$4.00.

LES AMBASSADEURS, 50th and Broadway. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, enough said. C.\$3.00. S.\$4.00. H.Louis. SMIG.\$4.00. S.\$4.50.

LIDO, 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very ritzy. Moss and Fontana. * C.\$6. H.Maraschino.

MONTMARTE, 50th & B'way. Very nice and always has been. * C.\$3.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Roosevelt Hotel. Nice place. C.\$2.

RUSSIANA, 216 W. 44. Russian cabaret. Pretty good. C.\$3.00.

ST. REGIS SEAGLADE, 5th Ave. at 55th. Swell. C.\$4.

TROCADERO, 35 E. 53rd. Formerly Heigh-Ho and just about the same. * C.\$3.

VILLA VALLEE, 10 E. 60. Where Rudy is supposed to hang out. * C.\$3.

(Continued on Page 62)

LIFE'S Ticket Service

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

598 Madison Ave., New York City

Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats)

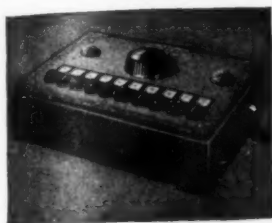
(Date)

(Alternates)

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Check for \$ Enclosed



Kolster's amazing device for remote control



...*"a press of the button—and he started the radio 2 rooms away!"*

"I tell you it was uncanny! We were sitting on the sun porch and the Kolster Radio was 2 rooms away! 'Shall we have some music?' I suggested. 'Surely,' answered Mr. Jackson. But instead of walking 'way in to the library—he turned to an interesting device on the table beside him—and pressed a button! 'What program do you want?' 'Let's hear the Kolster Hour,' replied my wife. Jackson pressed another button—and the miracle happened! In a flash, the haunting melody of a Beethoven Sonata came through the air! Why, it was the most amazing thing I've ever seen!"



K-45 Richly grained walnut cabinet—unique and exquisite in appearance. Remote control. Electrical tuning. Nine tubes and two rectifiers. Screen grid R. F. tubes. Equiposed dynamic reproducer. Three stages of audio . . . second and third stages push-pull, using type 327 tubes and type 350. Price, less tubes **\$500**

Prices slightly higher west of Rockies

REMOTE CONTROL—developed by Kolster and featured in the new K-45—is the greatest improvement in modern radio!

It permits you to start the radio from a remote point in the house—choose any one of your favorite stations—and make the volume louder or softer as you please!

See this remarkable device at your dealer's. Enjoy the Kolster Program every Wednesday Evening at 10 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over the nation-wide Columbia Chain.

KOLSTER RADIO

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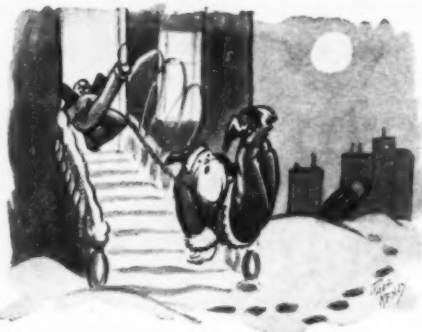
In these
Champagneless
Days

Apollinaris

is the gayest bubbly
drink with which to
grace your table

The Finest Sparkling Table Water in the World

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co., Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York



Getting ready for—the holiday rush.

For Every Pipe Smoker

Get him a NEW improved Locktite equipped with the Locktite Humidizer that keeps tobacco moist. Only genuine Locktites are made with the TALON Fastener and the Humidizer. Fully guaranteed. Wherever smokers' articles are sold, fine assorted leathers, or imported oilsilk, \$1.00 to \$7.50.

"Look for the name"

"Locktite"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
POUCH and
HUMIDIZER



THE LOCKTITE CO., INC. CLOVERSVILLE, N.Y.



"Now, Ethel, when those mosquitoes bite me and I let go, let it be a lesson to you! Never go picnicking with your next husband unless you take along the Flit!"

—Advt.

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 60)

Records

NEEDIN' YOU LIKE I DO
Violin playing by Leo Reisman, than whom there is none better.
WHEN YOU'RE COUNTING THE STARS
ALONE... Louder and not so good. (Victor)

YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE
Marvellous rhythm, and a trick trumpet.
WITH YOU, WITH ME.... Swell. (Columbia)

WHY WAS I BORN,
HERE AM I
Two smooth numbers from "Sweet Adeline."
(Victor)

I'M A DREAMER, AREN'T WE ALL
Paul Whiteman puts in a touch of the "Rhapsody in Blue."
IF I HAD A TALKING PICTURE OF YOU...
Just fair. (Columbia)

Sheet Music

"Evermore And A Day" (Bitter Sweet)
"I'll See You Again" (Bitter Sweet)
"The Call Of Life" (Bitter Sweet)
"Why Do You Suppose" (Heads Up)
"Ship Without A Sail" (Heads Up)
"My Man Is On The Make" (Heads Up)

FATHER: Are there half fares for children?

CONDUCTOR: Yes, under fourteen.

FATHER: That's all right. I've only five.
—Pearson's.

An English jeweler has just returned to Hull after having made a fortune in Hollywood. It is thought that he must have specialized in wedding-rings.
—Punch.

The Chinese write with a brush. Our post-offices have long endeavored to train the public to do this, judging by the bristles generally attached to their pens.
—London Opinion.

"I strongly advise people never to run or walk rapidly immediately after a meal," says a doctor. Except, of course, when they find that they haven't enough money to pay the bill.
—Humorist.

"I didn't marry beauty, my boy; I didn't marry wealth or position; I married for sympathy."

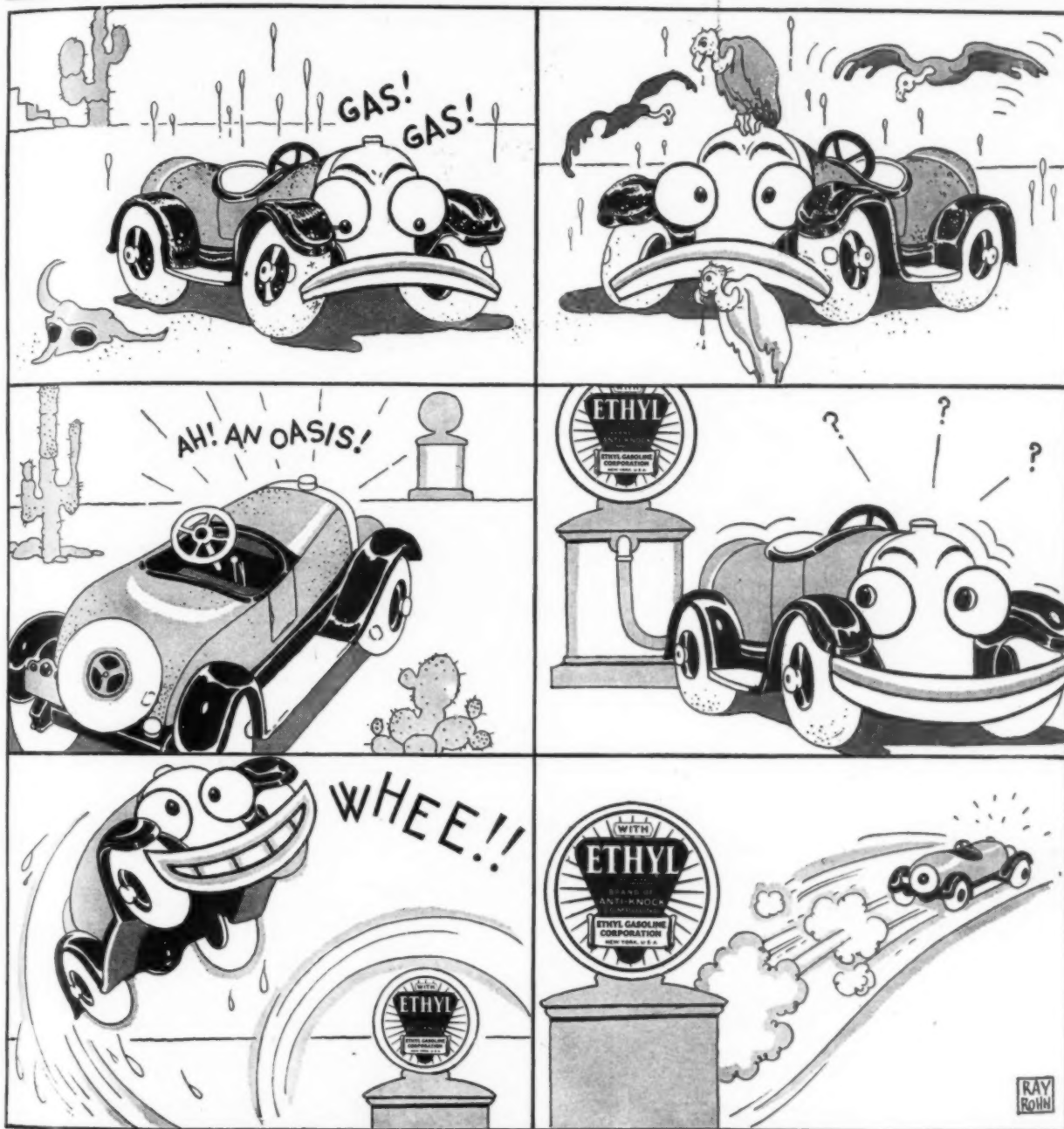
"Well, you have mine."

—Tit-Bits.

A rare coin was recently found in Aberdeen. Any coin found in Aberdeen would be rare.

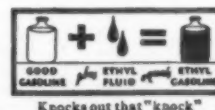
—Passing Show.

THE OLD DESERT RAT HAS A LUCKY BREAK



© E. G. C. 1929

The anti-knock quality of Ethyl Gasoline renews the life of any car, whatever its age or type, and brings out a performance impossible to obtain with ordinary gasoline.



ETHYL GASOLINE

Hang Your Wish on a Tropical Night . . . Cunard-Anchor West Indies Cruises include New Year's Eve in Havana . . .



The Old Year pelted out with tropical flowers . . . with Spanish music . . . Parisian verve holding carnival on a lazy lilting tropic sea . . . A new way of wishing . . . a new way of feeling . . . Sidewalk cafés on the Prado . . . dropping into the Sevilla Biltmore . . . dancing and supping at the Marianao Playa . . . the dawn coming up in a singing burst of saffron . . . Isn't that a fair exchange for the same old whistles . . . the same old bells . . . the same old hanging out of the same old draughty window . . . ? Other and just as provocative cruises of 9, 12, 16, 18 and 26 days . . . all exemplifying the Cruise perfection identified with Cunard . . . luxury plus comfort in appointments and equipment . . . stewards who valet you . . . restaurants with the Cunard flair for epicurean surprises . . . Cheaper than staying at home.

VARIED ITINERARIES INCLUDING

San Juan, Santiago, Santo Domingo, Port-au-Prince, St. Pierre, Fort de France, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra, Curacao, Colon, Kingston, Havana, Nassau, Bermuda.

Sailing Date from New York	Steamer	Duration of Voyage	Min. Rates
Dec. 18, 1929	s.s. Carinthia	16 days	\$200
Dec. 21, 1929	s.s. Franconia	16 days	200
Dec. 26, 1929	s.s. Caronia	8 days	175
Dec. 27, 1929	s.s. Carmania	9 days	175
Jan. 6, 1930	s.s. Carinthia	16 days	200
Jan. 16, 1930	s.s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Feb. 15, 1930	s.s. Caledonia	26 days	275
Mar. 15, 1930	s.s. Caledonia	18 days	200
Apr. 12, 1930	s.s. Samaria	12 days	175

See Your Local Agent

CUNARD-ANCHOR WEST INDIES CRUISES

Ain't Nature Punderful

(Continued from Page 27)

go bog-gy with joy! Her name is Dell, and she is valley young and beautiful, and a small contribution from you, Pa, woodland-Dell in my arms!

OLD CRAIG (*wrathfully*): What, should islet you have money to wed a flapper with no brac-ns?

CLIFF (*entreatingly*): But sir, I have nothing in the bank! And, sir, you are such a very rich geyser!

OLD CRAIG (*ragingly*): Enough—th-isthmus stop at once! Beware, I feel my anger mountain! (*Exit*).

CLIFF (*aloud, to self*): So! Pa ground his teeth, but I shall not feel sod! Instead, I shall think of some strata-gem, so dust leave it to me! Aha, I shall become boulder, and get Delta come with me to sea Pa, and when he knows that she is not plain, why he will fall for her flat, and will gravel at her feet! . . .

Act Two

(OLD CRAIG is busily mending an old cape. Enter CLIFF, followed by DELL who is tastefully dressed in the latest gown from Channel, a Spanish shoal, and seven vales.)

CLIFF (*gaily*): Pa! Mead the girl-friend!

OLD CRAIG (*confusedly*): Glade to know you!

CLIFF (*triumphantly*): Well, now that you have had a peak at her, Pa, what do you think of her?

OLD CRAIG (*enthusiastically*): Why, she is a butte! She is gorge-ous, by gully! . . . And what if high-seas her for myself?

DELL (*cooly*): Now, that is not such a bad idea atoll, atoll!

OLD CRAIG (*delightedly, to DELL*): I didn't know you field that way about me!

DELL (*shyly*): It seems I have always veldt that way about you!

OLD CRAIG (*eagerly*): Do you think you could learn to care for me, steppe by steppe?

DELL (*wistfully*): I am positive that I would grow to love you moor and moor, for you would pampa me with kindness—and riches!

OLD CRAIG (*happily*): Then shall you and I get the knot tide?

DELL (*fondly*): Shore!

CLIFF (*falteringly*): You main you have both taken a n-ocean to each other?

DELL (*sotto voce, to CLIFF*): When highland a ridge old guy like your Pa, a Pike-r like you can go to hill!

(*Exeunt DELL and OLD CRAIG, in loving attitude*).

CLIFF (*philosophically*): Well, which is the crater fish—me or Pa or her?

(*Sings softly the Volcano Blues: Lava, Come Back to Me! . . .*)

(*Curtain*)

EMPLOYER (*to new boy*): And has the foreman told you what to do?

APPRENTICE: Yes, sir. He told me to wake him up when I saw you coming. —Pearson's.

HENPECKED HUSBAND: I wish they'd let me pilot one of those racing sea-planes.

HIS WIFE: Don't be absurd! You'd kill yourself!

"I know!"

—Tit-Bits.



PROFESSOR: Let me see; wasn't I playing with someone?

CADDIE: Ho, yus. We started out as a foursome.

—Punch, by permission.



This Christmas give a Ciné-Kodak

simplest of home movie cameras

CHRISTMAS... it's a day of happiness that shouldn't be allowed to slip into the forgotten past... and needn't.

A home movie film will keep it for you... permit you to re-create at will your holiday festivities... enable you to throw on your own home screen during future Christmases the treasured incidents of this one.

How easy it is!

With the Ciné-Kodak, it's simplicity itself—movies are actually as easy to make as snapshots. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so simple, now have made home moviemaking equally simple for you.

You merely sight the Ciné-Kodak, press a lever, and then send the film to the nearest Eastman processing station. In a few days it comes back to you all



Ciné-Kodak, model BB with f.1.9 lens, in blue, gray, brown or black—the last word in home movie cameras.

ready to show, and your Kodoscope, the Eastman home movie projector that operates as simply as a phonograph,

flashes the pictures on your screen.

Take them in Color, too!

It is just as easy to take and show movies in beautiful, natural colors—from the most delicate tints to the most brilliant hues. The same Ciné-Kodak (f.1.9. with B or BB model) that takes black and white movies, takes color. The same Kodoscope (model A or B) that projects black and white, projects color. You simply use the Kodacolor Filter and Kodacolor Film when making or projecting Kodacolor. Also, to supplement your own films, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-, 200-, and 400-foot reels of comedy, travel and cartoons are available at your dealer's. They cost only \$7.50 per 100 feet.

Don't let another Christmas go by without making a picture record of your family. See a Ciné-Kodak dealer today. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



In every puff of every Raleigh you taste a rich cool blend of

31

fine tobaccos. Each is distinct, from some warm field of Turkey, or Virginia, or Kentucky where the sun and soil and rain and dew do certain magic to a certain plant. Raleigh compounds them to a formula it took him years to come by, and then lays them lengthwise, *blending while they're being rolled*—so that you taste the identical flavor in every single puff. It is this flavor which has made Raleigh, in a few short months, the most-called-for twenty-cent cigarette in America.

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION
Louisville, Kentucky

Raleigh
Cigarettes

Twenty Cents
PLAIN OR
TIPPED



Blended
PUFF
BY
PUFF





Detroit, Michigan

Dear LIFE:

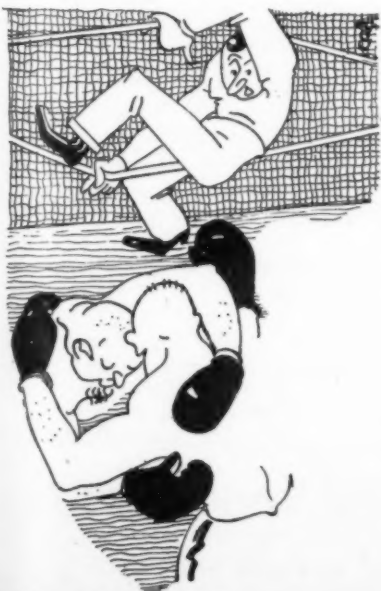
As one of the nit-wit readers of LIFE, I'd like to offer a perfectly useless suggestion just to get it out of my system.

Why don't you cut out your advertisement offering \$5,000 in prizes to short story writers? Or rather, why don't you make it clear that only those on your own staff, or a certain few from a selected list need submit material? One who is foolish enough to take you at your word might believe that you really welcomed new stories in the hope of finding something good. However, since the stuff you publish is worse than mediocre, and since the same authors appear again and again, it is an insult to common horse sense to expect your public to believe that you so much as read the manuscripts which come to you from unknown sources. There is too much good stuff, uncommonly good stuff, appearing in other high class magazines to warrant our believing that you are so poverty-stricken for material that you must choose from the same writers over and over. Why don't you be honest with your readers and tell them the truth?

An observer,

Geo. Sadler.

The truth is that the reason some authors appeared more than once is because they sent in good (in our opinion) short stories. Evidently Mr. Sadler had one rejected.



Pug: Where yuh goin'?

Referee: Out after a minister.

Los Angeles, California

Dear LIFE:

It may be of interest to you to know that my late husband, C. R. Hite of Newport, Arkansas, had read LIFE continuously since its first issue, in 1886, I think—buying it from newsstands at first but by subscription for many years.

I feel that I have LIFE to thank for the cultivation of a keen sense of humor in my four children, now grown and gone their several ways.

Very truly yours,
(signed) Carrie L. Hite.

Memphis, Tennessee

Gentlemen:

May I write you a word of praise and appreciation for the excellent service rendered me during my last visit to New York in obtaining such excellent seats for the numerous shows. I congratulate you in your splendid efforts to beat the ticket speculators. May complete success result from your efforts. The seats you obtained for me were among the choicest to be had.

I therefore thank you for obtaining the seats. The saving will more than pay for one year's subscription to LIFE, and out of one issue one can obtain more real wit and fun than out of the dozen shows we saw while we were in New York.

Yours very truly,
L. H. Graves.

To the Editor of LIFE:

In the excerpts from new books which appeared in your issue of July 26, there is a reference to Christian Science which should be corrected. I would appreciate a brief space in your publication to make this correction. The article from Charles Francis Potter's book entitled "The Story of Religion" refers to the textbook of Christian Science, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy, as the Christian Science Bible. Christian Scientists recognize only one Bible. That is the Bible which has been so commonly used and loved by Christian Churches throughout the centuries. The textbook of Christian Science, Science and Health, is the denominational book of instruction. The recognized Bible of all Christian religions is the Bible used in Christian Science.

It might be of interest to note that the Christian Science denomination is one of the largest purchasers of the Bible.

Sincerely yours,
Orwell Bradley Towne.

Christian Science Committee
on Publication.

BANISH WINTER

— enjoy a sunlit cruise



MEDITERRANEAN CRUISES by WHITE STAR LINE...46 days. Turn winter bleakness into a summer-time fiesta...Join in the gay, pulsing life of Gibraltar, the Riviera, Naples...then step backward in Time...Algiers, Athens, Constantinople, the Holy Land...with five days in Egypt. Two intimate cruise liners—**ADRIATIC** and **LAURENTIC**—for people who expect the unusual in cruise comfort. From New York: January 9, January 18, February 27, March 8. First Class \$695 up; Tourist Third Cabin \$420—both including shore excursion program.



HAVANA-NASSAU-BERMUDA CRUISES by RED STAR LINE, 11 halcyon days... Six short, thrilling tours to picturesque ports...HAVANA, pleasure capital of the Caribbean; NASSAU, quaint tropic outpost for tennis, bathing and idling in the grand manner; BERMUDA, enchanting Gulf Stream retreat. Stop over at each dazzling port—or the one you find most intriguing—and continue on the next round of the popular **LAPLAND**, the ship with the club-like atmosphere. Fortnightly sailings from New York December 28 to March 8. \$175 up.

WHITE STAR LINE RED STAR LINE

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY



For full information address No. 1 Broadway, New York; 180 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 460 Market St., San Francisco; our offices elsewhere or authorized steamship agents.

Peppy partners, stirring strains

...tinkling glasses, ruddy and redolent of Hay's Five Fruit...an ensemble befitting the holiday spirit... From bottle to beverage in a wink, Hay's Five Fruit puts the zest of luscious, ripe fruit in a cocktail—or any drink, hot or cold. As a dressing for ice cream or pudding; to make sauces and salads deliciously fruity. Turn to the red-wrapped bottle. At good food and drug stores.



Throats tingle to a new and finer thirst quencher...the "Tang of Tropical Fruit" ...when Panama Punch is the mixer

HAY'S Five Fruit

Write for "35 Ways of Serving" Hay's Five Fruit

HAY'S FRUIT JUICE CO. 71 YORK ST., PORTLAND, ME.

The PREFERENCE CHEST

20
interchange-
able labels
with every
genuine Pref-
erence Chest

PAT.
APPLIED
FOR



**First on any
Christmas List!**

Put Down "Preference Chests"—and then write the names of all the men and women you know to whom it would be a pleasure to give "the perfect \$5-present for 1930". A Preference Chest offers to one and all their choice of cigarettes...any 4 brands, in labeled compartments...true courtesy and savoir-faire!

Exquisitely made for the living room, college room, sun porch, office or directors' room of all those who have a flair for doing the right thing. Hinged lid...solid mahogany throughout...lacquered in Green, Black, Chinese Red mounted with old English prints in full color, or in Natural Finish (without print). A complement to fine furnishings anywhere. Retailers not yet supplied are also invited to write to us.

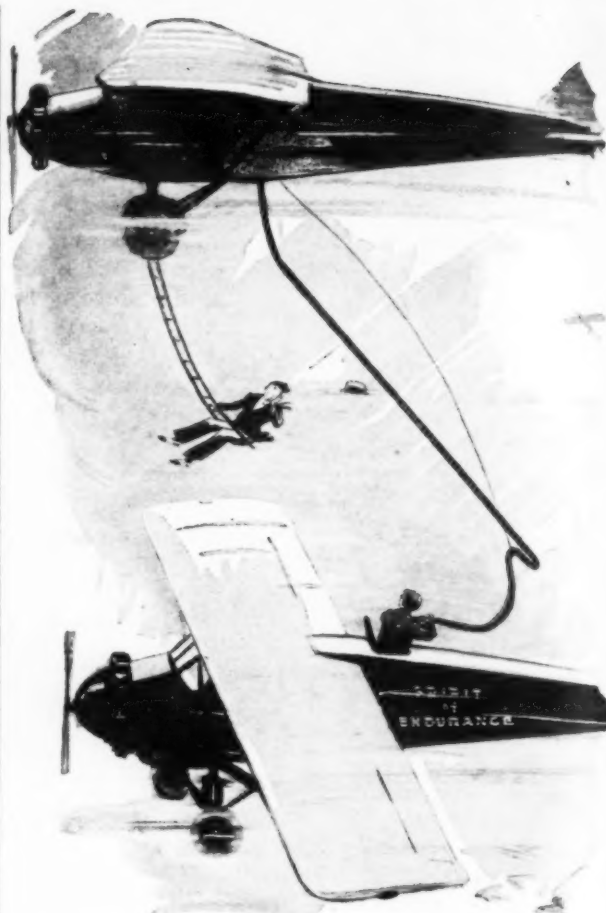
OLD COLONY DISTRIBUTING CO.,

Dept. L, 99 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.



\$5.00

At leading local stores, or sent postpaid. (\$5.50 West of the Rockies). De luxe leather-covered Chests \$16—with Galvano plaque \$20—white jade dragon \$30.



"Hey! Can I sell you guys a year's subscription to LIFE?"

The gigantic lorry had collided with a minute private car. "You fool!" shouted the owner of the latter, jumping out and shaking his fist at the lorry driver. "Do you mean to tell me that you couldn't see me coming on a straight road like this?"

The other smiled.

"I'm sorry, guv'nor," he said. "It couldn't be 'elped. You see, I thought your car was a fly on my windshield."

—Answers.

In London recently, a baby gave the alarm for fire and roused the occupants. A campaign is to be launched urging every householder to install one of these useful little gadgets.

—London Opinion.

HERBERT: Arthur hasn't been out one night for three weeks.

FLORA: Has he turned over a new leaf?

"No; he's turned over a new car."

—Answers.

An American scenario writer says he gets all his ideas while gardening. Many scenario writers seem to dig up the same old plot.

—Humorist.

MA: Dearest, I think we should give Roderick a 'cello for his birthday.

PA: All right; but don't let him eat too much of it.

—Answers.

"The modern girl can't show much for her money in the way of clothes," says a fashion expert. But she shows quite a lot of modern girl.

—London Opinion.

A TRUNK

THAT COMMANDS THE RESPECT OF EVERY PORTER IN EUROPE

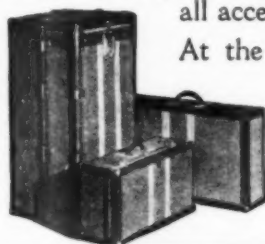
... and needs it least of all

Strange, perhaps, but true. A good looking Hartmann gets service . . . immediate attention—in Europe. Porters like to handle it. Why? Perhaps its owner looks more prosperous—more widely traveled, more agreeable about tipping.

But it wouldn't matter anyway. Your Hartmann is built to take years of rugged travel use and abuse, without complaint.

See the Hartmann matched groups—done in tan canvas grain Ducord with Regimental Striping. Heavy brass plated hardware, beautiful finishes inside and out. 50 models and sizes, traveling from 3 to 20 suits—orderly, unwrinkled, ready to put on—plus all accessories. Price, \$35 to \$225.

At the Better Shops and Department Stores.



HARTMANN TRUNKS

Hartmann Trunk Company, Racine, Wisconsin

"Women have a lot to go through," says a writer. Yes. A man's suit has about twelve pockets.

—*London Opinion.*

A new play is described by a critic as having a very bad ending. The usual fault with the ending of a play is that it is too far from the beginning.

—*Humorist.*

A Chinaman named Li Chiang-yun of Peking, who claims to be 252 years of age, has had twenty-four wives. Perhaps that is what makes him think he has lived all that time.

—*Everybody's Weekly.*

"Many London waiters go to Switzerland for their holidays," says a writer. They must find it inspiring to stand and watch the glaciers rushing by.

—*Humorist.*

"Don't you think this is a becoming frock?"

"Yes, it looks as if it will be coming off any minute."

—*Everybody's Weekly.*

An English jeweller has just returned to Hull after having made a fortune in Hollywood. It is thought that he must have specialized in wedding-rings.

—*Punch.*

It appears that there is a new powder on the market which gives the face a greenish tinge. Those who wish to have the latest complexion, but are unable to procure the powder, can obtain the same effect by crossing the Channel on a rough day.

—*Humorist.*

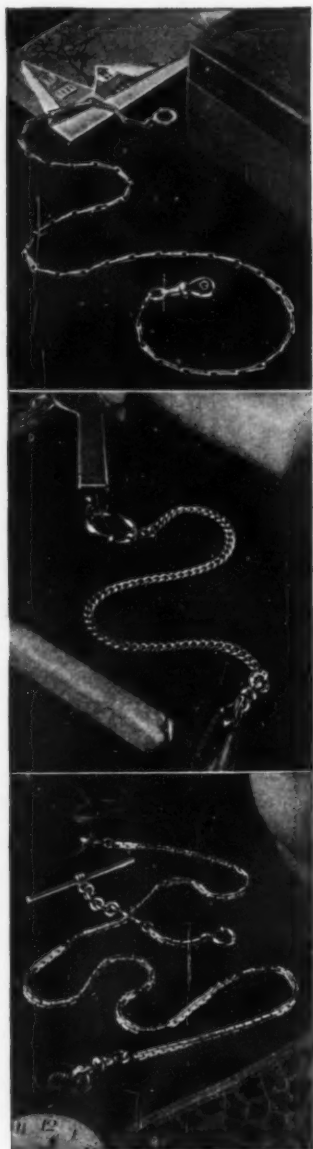

Wetzel
Established 1874
2 and 4 E. Forty-Fourth Street
NEW YORK

CLOTHES by Wetzel
are the material response to the fanciful dictates of innate good taste.



Copyright
by Wetzel

**For appearance's sake,
wear a watch-chain**



OF COURSE, there is a limit to the jewelry a man may own. The Christmas shopper may remember that with some anguish. But fashion has always acknowledged the vogue of a watch-chain—and at no time more willingly than today. . . . Make your gift a Simmons Chain! A Simmons Chain is smart. And if the wearer prefers a wrist-watch, both ends of the chain may be used to guard knife, emblem, key-ring, and other accessories. Illustrated are Waldemar 19302, at \$5; 25098, a sport chain, at \$3.25, and Dickens 18921½, at \$8.25 . . . all yellow gold-filled. Your jeweler has them in green and white as well, or combinations, at reasonably higher prices. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Mass.

SIMMONS CHAINS

The swivel says  It's a Simmons

A Love Story

(Continued from Page 21)

thought she was crazy the way she lived, with her door always open and her table, which they could see through the lighted windows, set for two?

It was a Mrs. Bisbee who had to find out about "that queer old maid." Mrs. Bisbee could stand curiosity just so long and then she had to do something about it. So she went to call on Martha, noting with the practiced eye of a born gossip, alike Martha's immaculate house and her inner radiance. And because conversation was not easy with this woman who seemed preoccupied with her own secrets, Mrs. Bisbee had to do all the talking herself, finally getting around to the subject which, after all, lay in the minds of all the neighbors. Had Martha seen the ghost?

"What ghost?" asked Martha, who hardly heard the question.

"Why THE ghost," Mrs. Bisbee responded. Didn't Miss Hemingway know that the house was haunted?

Miss Hemingway didn't it seemed, and cared less. But Mrs. Bisbee had to tell the whole story, about the young man, who, years ago, had courted old Baker's daughter and was killed by a blow struck in fun one night when he was jousting with the fire pokers with the girl's brother. Mrs. Bisbee talked on and on. Other tenants, she said, had been bothered by the young man's ghost, which still haunted the premises in traditional ghostly manner. Had Miss Hemingway seen him? Miss Hemingway had not. Discouraged, Mrs. Bisbee left and Martha sighed with relief, hastening to change her dress for her lover.

When she again came down stairs he was already sitting in the living room, a vague figure in the dusk, fill-

ing her with thoughts of tenderness and overwhelming love. She went up to him and kissed him. She touched the scar on his forehead with her lips, as she often did, then, thinking it would amuse him, and because the scar reminded her of Mrs. Bisbee's story, she told him about the ghost. He did not answer, but he kissed her once on her lips, and once on her forehead. She walked over to turn on the light, and when she turned around he was gone. He never came back.

HE: When I dance with you I feel as though I were treading on the clouds.

SHE: Don't be mistaken. Those are my feet.
—Answers.

"It is impossible to imagine a worse sound than that made by a gramophone when it is running down," says a writer. It is very unlikely, therefore, that anything new in the way of musical instruments will be put on the market just yet.
—Humorist.

"The London taxi-driver is an excellent weather prophet," says a writer. "No change," is his usual slogan.
—London Opinion.

"How did you cure your wife of her antique craze?"

"Oh, I just gave her a 1907 model car for her birthday."
—Pearson's.

AILSA: Don't you want to be the kind of girl that people look up to?

BARBARA: No; I want to be the kind of girl that people look round at.
—Answers.

A scientist claims that he has invented an automatic figure that writes its name. In this country, the figure which signs cheques automatically is known as father.
—Humorist.



"Heh-heh, no kiddin'—as Santa Claus—to a masquerade I'm going!"



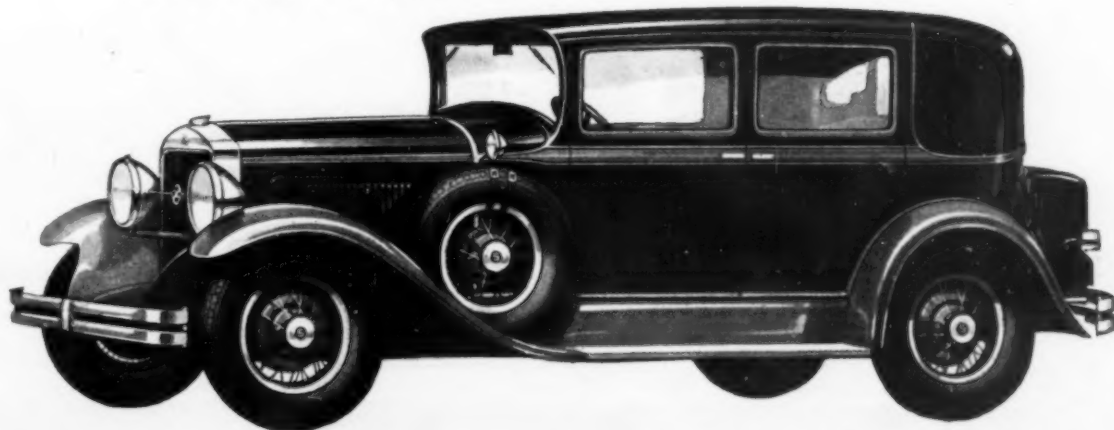
**THIS CHRISTMAS... GIVE
HER THE KEYS TO HAPPINESS**

EACH year this gracious Christmas custom grows in favor... the presentation of the Keys to Happiness to one well beloved. An attractive gift case holds the shining keys for one of Studebaker's smart new motor cars—an Eight by the Builder of Champions! When all the world is turning to the responsive, flexible power, the satin-smoothness—and the *distinction*—of the Eight, this glorious gift of her very own car becomes more precious. For women are alert to the motor car trend—they know that, admittedly, the world's finest cars are Eights! And you know her car will be worth more a year from now if it is an Eight. Illustrated is one of the reasons why Studebaker *leads the world* in the sale of eight-cylinder cars... The Commander Eight Brougham for five.

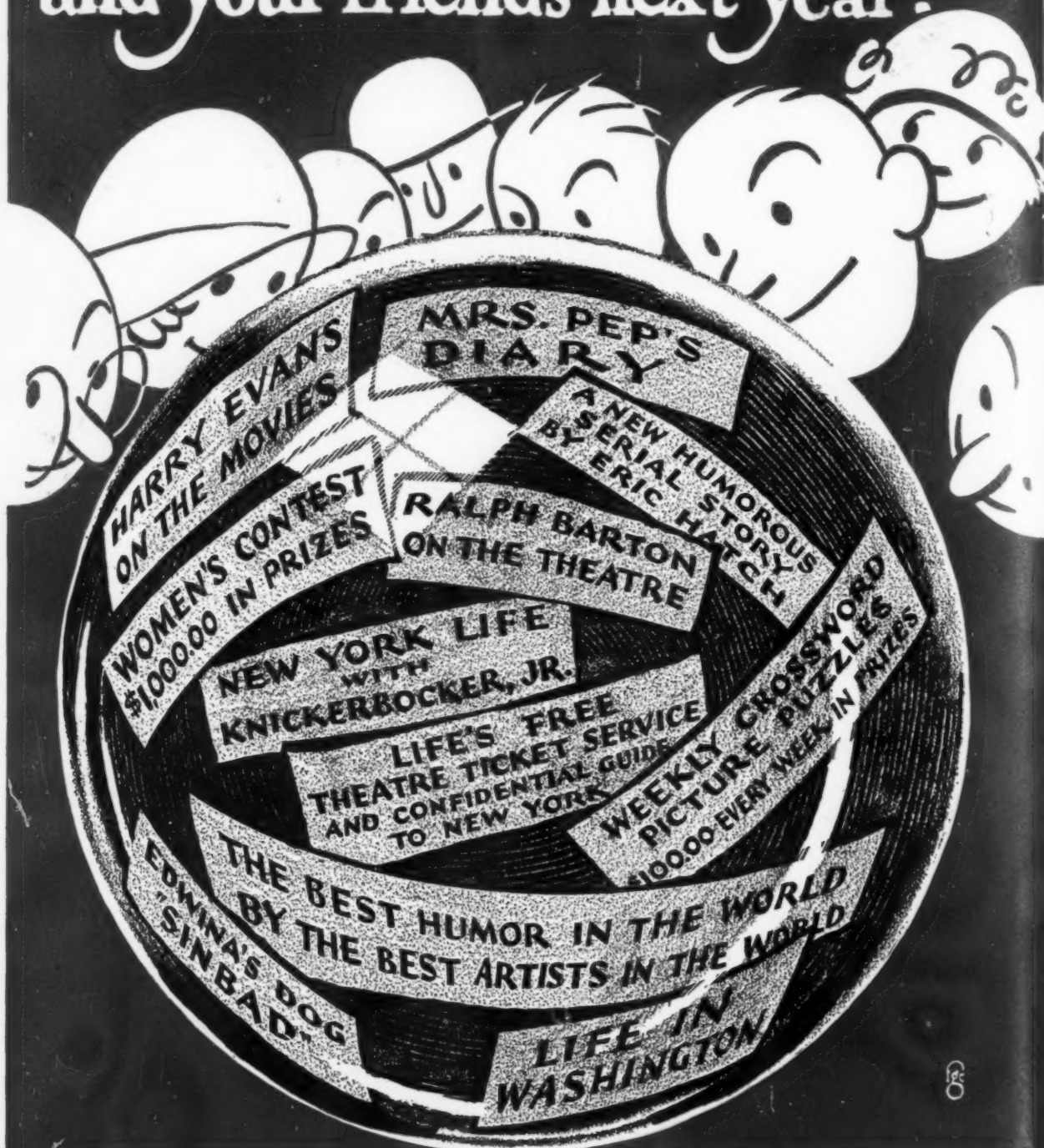


Studebaker

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS



What does LIFE hold for you and your friends next year?



INSURE yourself and your friends an entertaining up-to-the-minute 1930 by sending them LIFE as a Christmas present. A very snappy Christmas card tells them who it is from.

LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York.

Dear LIFE:

I am enclosing \$_____ for _____ Subscriptions and the names and addresses of _____ friends. Send them LIFE from

Name _____

Address _____

617

LE
Keep
yet!

CLARK: Does your wife really obey you?

DARKE: Sometimes. When I say, "Go ahead and never mind me," she always does.
—Answers.

"Learning to fly a plane is like falling off a log," says an expert. The only difference is in the drop.
—Everybody's Weekly.

Once a woman was supposed to marry a man before she kissed him. Now a woman is supposed to marry a man before she shoots him.
—Tom Sims for Kay Features.

Several Roman coins were recently found on a golf course in the Midlands. One or two golfers we know seem determined to dig up Australian coins.
—The Humorist.

In Turkey a man is allowed to marry only if he knows his A.B.C. Many an impulsive student of the alphabet realizes that A.B.C. means A Bachelor Caught.
—London Opinion.

An American film actress declares that she is much more at home in a silent rôle. It is hard to believe this of any woman
—Passing Show.

"They say Mr. Destyle is financially embarrassed."

"Well, he's horribly in debt, but it would take more than that to embarrass him."
—Tit-Bits.

An expert says that a wireless talk broadcast from America could be heard at the bottom of the North Sea. A new terror is added to Davey Jones' locker.
—Punch.

HE (shyly): I'm going to steal a kiss.
SHE: Well, let the crime wave begin.
—Everybody's Weekly.

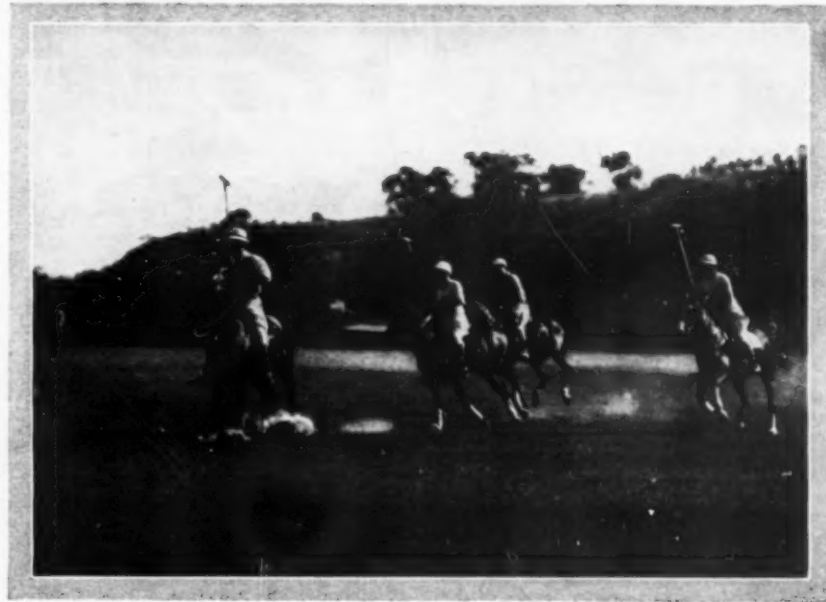


LEADER OF CAROL SINGERS (trying on boot): Keep on singing; there's another boot to come yet!

—Everybody's Weekly.

Flashing Mallets!

Ponies.....Sunshine!



WINTERING in Southern California... you will wish to live out of doors all day... and to sit in the stands and watch high bred polo ponies scamper over green turf... while mallets flash in the sun... and the white ball streaks past the green of the trees... well that's just one of the enjoyable ways of acquiring your California color.

Golf too, will keep you out in the sun and if you like variety... today you'll enjoy roaming fairways bordering the Pacific ocean... while tomorrow perhaps you will play a course set in the very edge of mountains... more than a mile high... often in this winter season topped with snow.

No exercise is better for you than riding and mounted on a good horse you'll enjoy exploring the scenic mountain trails... with a rousing gallop on the home stretch for a fit conclusion.

In Southern California you will find spectacular scenery of ocean and of snow-clad mountains. You may enjoy every kind of sport... every social activity... Hollywood and "first nights" at the movies... dinner dances in the great hotels with picture stars among the guests... theatres... shops... everything.

Best of all you can spend the winter here at moderate cost. There are hotels suited to every purse... most of them open twelve months in the year, and your living expense while here need be no more than you spend when home.

We have prepared a valuable book showing this southland in picture. There

are 71 examples of the work of the best camera men of this land of "pictures." You may have a copy of this valuable book for just the postage cost.

EXECUTIVES: Los Angeles County oil fields represent an investment of 750 millions... the agricultural industry over 400 millions. The port of Los Angeles is second only to New York in volume of export tonnage.

Southern California



All-Year Club of Southern California,
Sec. M-12, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Enclosed find four cents in stamps—the actual mailing cost—of "Southern California through the Camera." Also send me booklets telling especially of the attractions in the counties which I have checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura
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Street _____

City _____ State _____



NO WOMAN

Ever

HAS TOO MANY OF THESE

ANY time that "what-to-close to being a last-minute panic . . . steady m'boy, there's always one sure way to glory! Give her another Whiting & Davis Costume Bag and prepare to bask in the radiance of a woman who is thoroughly delighted.

"No interesting woman ever has too many of these," Paul Poirot once said. His admiration for their smartness and jeweler-craftsmanship is one big reason why Whiting & Davis now have exclusive right to produce the new Paul Poirot pouch-shape Costume Bag. It has captured Paris; how can any feminine heart resist!

WHITING & DAVIS COMPANY

World's Largest Manufacturers of Costume Bags
Makers of Costume Jewelry for Everyone
Plainville (Norfolk County), Mass.
In Canada: Sherbrooke, Quebec



Hand in Hand
With Fashion

For Gifts That Last. Consult Your Jeweler. Look for this trademark in miniature stamped on the frame of each genuine Whiting & Davis Costume Bag. It is the hallmark of excellence which stands for more than 50 years of creative craftsmanship.

See Them at Costume Jewelry departments . . . made with our Bead-lite, Armor, Petite Armor and Dresden enameled mesh or in the sheer beauty of gold and silver woven to silken fineness. WRITE to us for a folder showing the latest Paul Poirot models in full color.

**WHITING & DAVIS
COSTUME BAGS**



Winners of LIFE'S Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 12



I'm the fullback from the employment agency.

1st Prize of \$50.00 won by

John Van Eisen,
12 Sumner Road,
Cambridge, Mass.

A dollar-a-yard man.

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by

Edmund H. Filipak,
564 Chicopee Street,
Willimansett, Mass.

That School Spirit.

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by

J. S. Holtwick, Jr.,
U. S. S. Case,
Navy Yard,
Philadelphia, Pa.

An ancient prejudice has been removed.

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by

H. B. Ensign,
Hudson View Gardens,
183rd and Pinehurst Ave.,
New York City.

"I left my last position, sir, because I was required to attend classes."

In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Answers to Anagrams

on page 34

- (1) Cashier.
- (2) Antique.
- (3) Gangster.
- (4) Sweden.
- (5) Antidote.
- (6) Listen.

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



One hand on the wheel, both eyes on the road and a fresh uncrumpled cigarette served to your lips at a press of your thumb!

Only with the Ejector is this possible. No other case has its automatic action—no other so protects cigarettes from crushing, from handling.

Ejector is the modern, smart way to carry and serve cigarettes.

Write enclosing price if your dealer cannot supply you.

A Real Xmas Gift!



Colorful Enamel and fine engine turned designs at your dealers—\$4 to \$8.00, Model C, \$1.50, Model C50, \$3.00.

THE LYONS MFG. COMPANY
Dept. D4, Mt. Carmel, Conn.

EJECTOR
The Perfect One Hand
CIGARETTE CASE



MOULDS
For Making Toy Soldiers,
Indians, Cowboys, Animals, etc.

With one Mould you can make many HUNDREDS OF CASTINGS, whole Armies. Outfits, including material for casting, enamel paints and everything complete, \$4.50. Easy enough for any boy to make and great fun for grown-ups. Sport for the whole family. Write for illustrations of dozens of patterns you can make.

MAKE-A-TOY COMPANY, Dept. 12, 1698 Boston Road, N. Y. City

A teacher of elocution says that very few women stammer. If they did there wouldn't be time for them to say all they want to say. —Passing Show.

EUROPE

33
DAYS
\$295

Foremost Student Tours
Nearly 4000 satisfied members in 1929
250 All Expense Tours
Small groups, 1st class hotels, more motor travel. Visit the Fashion Play of 1930. Send for booklet.
COLLEGE TRAVEL CLUB
154 BOSTON ST. BOSTON, MASS.

**DEAR
SOOKY**

by Percy Crosby

"Skippy", that famous imp of Satan writes priceless letters to his best pal, Sooky. "He confides his adventures and deepest sentiments with that hardboiled sweetness that'll keep you laughing or crying."—Ted Shane in Judge. Illustrated in line and color, \$2.50.



POTNAM'S

DRAGON SMOKERS



To those who appreciate a gift that is both useful as well as ornamental—these Dragon Smokers lend instant appeal. The tip-lid deposits ashes in the bowl—forming a smoke-tight seal, extinguishing smokes automatically.

Attractive in design and striking in color. Several designs on display at leading furniture and department stores. Insist on the genuine Dragon.

Write for circular L with prices and colors.

from the
SCROLL ART STUDIOS
BRIDGEPORT... CONN.

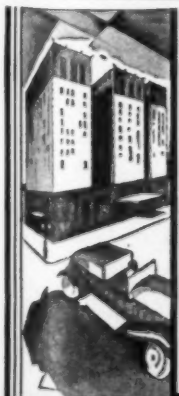
HAMS



from
Ole Virginia
for
Christmas
Cooked by a time honored recipe

NATIVE Virginia Hams from peanut-fed pork—cured dry in salt and smoked leisurely with hickory chips. An old plantation method that preserves all their savory goodness. They are cooked by hallowed Colonial recipe using brown sugar, black pepper, molasses... As good as though you went to the plantation smokehouse—picked out the ham and had Mammy cook it. Delight guaranteed... Delivered prices, east of Mississippi River. For points west, add 25c. Small \$7.00—Medium \$9.00—Large \$12.00—Order for yourself—for gifts to friends. Prompt shipments.

R. L. CHRISTIAN & COMPANY
406 E. Broad St.,
Richmond, Va.



TRULY A MODERN HOTEL

A splendid hotel in a splendid city. You will enjoy its atmosphere, its food and its service. 600 rooms, each outside, with bath, servitor and circulating ice water. \$3.00 up.

Powers Hotel, Rochester, N.Y., under same management.

**HOTEL
SYRACUSE**
SYRACUSE, N.Y.

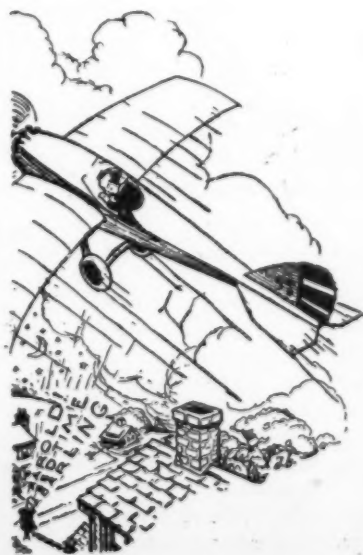
Have Women A Sense Of Humor?

The Women's Press Club of New York, through the pages of *LIFE*, are giving the women of America a chance to prove they have a sense of humor. This nation-wide contest, which started Nov. 1, will run for twelve weeks and \$1,000 in prizes will be offered by the Club for the cleverest material, on any subject, submitted during that time by a woman. The cleverest pieces will be printed in *LIFE* (see Page 33) and regular rates will be paid for them in addition to the prizes. The prizes will be as follows: First Prize—\$500; Second Prize—\$250; Third Prize—\$100; and six Fourth Prizes of \$25 each. The following is a list of the judges:

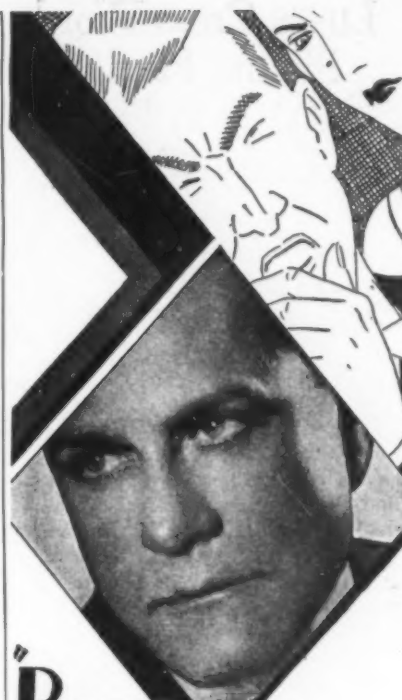
Carolyn Wells
Baird Leonard
William Allen White
Margaret Sanger
Mary Roberts Rinehart
Donald Ogden Stewart
O. O. McIntyre
Rupert Hughes
Kathleen Norris
Irvin S. Cobb

All manuscripts must be typewritten and must be addressed to Beatrice B. Beecher, Woman's Press Club Editor, *LIFE*, 598 Madison Ave., New York City. To insure safe return of Manuscripts enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

Material may be submitted in the form of humorous articles, essays, verse, paragraphs, or ideas for humorous pictures. Ideas accepted will be illustrated by *LIFE*'s artists. Articles must not be longer than 250 words.



"Aw, ma, let me stay up a little longer!"



"Romance Curdles—

when **COUGHS**
cross the Footlights"

BERT LYTELL

"NOW—really—how do you expect us actors to play soulful love scenes when there's a small army of coughers in the audience? Even a single cough can spoil the whole mood of the scene.

"For the sake of romance and the stage—for the sake of your neighbor's ears—for the sake of peace in your own throat—I suggest Smith Brothers' Cough Drops to you. They can stop any cough quicker than you can say Bert Lytell...!"

Coughs stop **FAST** when Smith Brothers' begin their soothing, healing work. There's nothing like them for hoarseness and throat irritation. Fine for children—they love the taste.

5¢ Two kinds: S. B. (Black)
or the new Menthol.



LIFE'S Cross Word Picture Puzzles \$100.00 in Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00

2nd Prize \$25.00

3rd Prize \$15.00

4th Prize \$10.00

LIFE will run a new cross word picture puzzle each week. After you have solved the puzzle, see if you can find the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle.

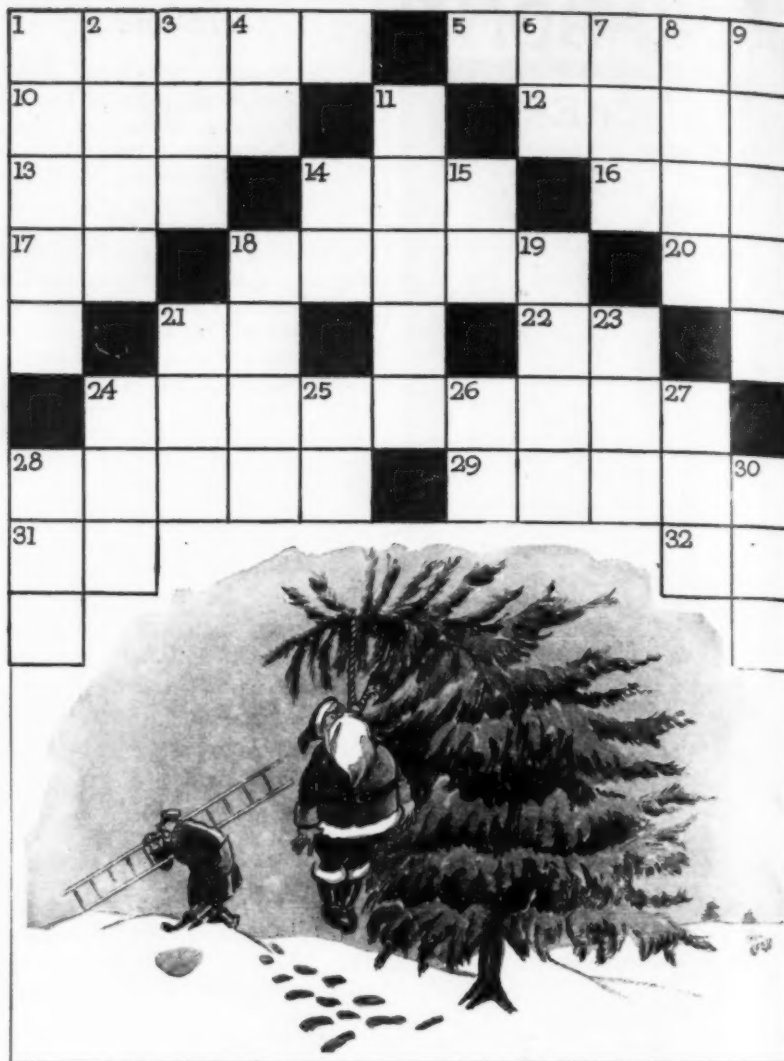
After you have solved the puzzle and gotten the correct title for the picture, give your explanation of the joke in not more than fifteen words.

The Editors of LIFE will be the judges and the prizes will be awarded to the persons giving the correct solution of the puzzle, the correct title for the picture, and the cleverest explanation of the joke. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying contestant. You may send in as many puzzles as you wish but none will be returned. The prize-winning solutions will be printed in subsequent issues. Send all puzzles to the Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York. *This week's contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, December 20.*



"I think I can get down this side all right, but I doubt if I can get up the other."

Puzzle No. 17



Winners of this Puzzle will appear in the Jan. 10, 1930, issue.

ACROSS

1. This guy never thinks anything's right.
5. These flappers are good swimmers.
10. Hot stuff.
12. This is easily trimmed.
13. This hits and runs.
14. This is always round.
16. What the president is.
17. For example.
18. What Americans go to Paris to get.
20. After thought. (abbr.)
21. A preposition.
22. A degree. (abbr.)
24. The old man has to dig for this.
28. There's no rhyme or reason to these any more.
29. It's easy to get this on a Frenchman.
31. This is never down.
32. Old man's query.

DOWN

1. Something noisy at a football game.
2. This is not a nice fellow.
3. What wives do to their husbands.
4. An overworked pronoun.
6. And. (Lat.)
7. This is straight from the shoulder.
8. What a bouncing baby would do.
9. Not so common as they say.
11. What the stock market does to speculators.
14. Either.
15. Exist.
18. Every woman wants a good one.
19. This is very feminine.
21. Definite article.
23. What lots of men are up against.
24. His word is law.
25. Part of the verb to be.
26. This makes them go places. (abbr.)
27. Have a look.
28. A turned up nose.
30. Definite article.

This complete book printed by THE PENTON PRESS CO., CLEVELAND

How to be *Generous* to a man at Christmas



Just how does the Gillette Fifty Box qualify as the ideal Christmas gift for a man? Here's how—on these eight counts:

It is practical . . . Man, famous for his practical mind, insists on useful gifts.

Yet he probably wouldn't buy this for himself . . . From long habit, he is used to getting his blades in packs of five and ten. This will be a new and refreshing idea for him.

He'll be sure to use it . . . Blades are a daily necessity in every man's life. The Gillette Fifty Box is the most convenient way to have them.

It is personal . . . It's all to himself, for his own intimate, bathroom use.

It is good looking . . . Packed, as you see, in a metal box, velvet lined, with a spring-hinge cover. Blades are enclosed in brilliant Cellophane.

It is truly generous . . . With fifty smooth, double-edged Gillette Blades in easy grasp, a man can look forward to more continuous shaving comfort than he has probably ever enjoyed before in his life.

It will last well beyond the Christmas season . . . For months his mornings will be free from all thought of buying Gillette Blades.

It is reasonable in price . . . Five dollars buys this *ideal* gift. On sale everywhere.

RADIO—Tune in on "The Gillette Blades" every Saturday evening, 9:30 to 10:00 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, over the National Broadcasting Company's Blue Network, WJZ and associated stations.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.



Five Dollars

Gillette



GIVE HIM shaving comfort in abundance
with the famous Fifty Box of Gillette Blades.



Airships circling the globe in clouds carry
 unveiled fancies which are the fruits
 of Man's prayers. There is a light in the
 heart — there is no more — express the
 spirit of a room than the Crane Room. Mod-
 ern of tomorrow is the Crane Room. It is
 the Crane Room which combines the best of
 the old and the new. It is the Crane Room
 which is the most complete and the most
 modern of all. It is the Crane Room which
 is the most complete and the most modern
 of all. It is the Crane Room which is the
 most complete and the most modern of all.

—CRANE—